

himself on the same river where stands Beverly, the now county seat of Randolph county. The family of Files, one excepted, fell victims to Indian barbarity. Young Files escaped, and hastening to Tygart's, that family made a timely retreat from the country, and did not return for some years afterwards.

The founding of Red Stone Fort, on Monongahela river, eastern side, at the mouth of Dunlap's Creek, and where the two fine borough towns of Brownsville below the creek, and Bridgeport above, now stands, was the first effectual step taken towards actual and permanent settlements, of that beautiful picturesque, and fertile region between the mountains and Ohio river, and drained by the innumerable fountains of the Monongahela.

The warrior with his gun, hatchet and knife, prepared alike to slay the deer and bear for food, but also to defend himself against and destroy his savage enemy, was not the only man who sought the wilderness. A very interesting and tragic instance was given of the contrary by the three Eckary's. These men, Dunkards by profession, left the eastern, and cultivated part of Pennsylvania, and plunged into the wilds of the west. Their first permanent camp was on a creek flowing into Monongahela river, in the south-western part of Pennsylvania, to which stream they gave the name of Dunkard Creek, which it still bears. These men of peace, employed themselves in exploring the country in every direction, in which one uncultivated waste spread around them. From Dunkard's Creek, they removed to Dunkard's Bottom on Cheat river, which they made their permanent residence, and with a savage war raging at no considerable distance, these men spent some years unmolested, indeed it is probable, unseen.

In order to obtain some supplies of ammunition and clothing, Dr. Thomas Eckarly, recrossed the mountains to Winchester, with some poultry. On his return to join his brothers, he stopped on the south branch of the Potomac, at Fort Pleasant, and roused the curiosity of the inhabitants by relating his adventures, removals and present residence. His pacific religious principles, as pacific religious principles have every where done, exposed him to suspicion, and he was detained as a confederate of the Indians, and as a spy, come to examine the frontiers and its defences. In vain did Dr. Eckarly assert his entire innocence of any connexion with the Indians, and that on the contrary, him or his brothers had not even seen an Indian since their residence west of the mountains, he could not obtain his liberty until by his own suggestion, he was escorted by a guard of armed men, who were to reconduct him a prisoner to Fort Pleasant, in case of any confirmation of the charges against him.

These arbitrary proceedings, though in themselves very unjust, it is probable saved the life of Dr. Eckarly, and his innocence was made manifest in a most shocking manner. Approaching the cabin where he had left and anxiously hoped to find his brothers, himself and his guard were presented with a heap of ashes. In the yard lay the mangled and putrid remains of the two

brothers, and as if to add to the horrors of the scene, beside the corpses, lay the hoops on which their scalps had been dried. Dr. Eckarly and the now sympathizing men buried the remains, and not as a prisoner, but a forlorn and desolate man he returned to the South Branch.

Decker's settlement on what is yet Decker's creek, was made on the Monongahela in 1778, under the direction of Thomas Decker, but was in the ensuing year, surprised by a party of Indians, and most of the inhabitants murdered. One of the men composing Decker's settlement, escaped and reached Red Stone Fort, then commanded by a Captain Paul, who being too weak to spare men to pursue the Indians, despatched an express to Fort Pitt, which had a short time before fallen into the hands of the British and Provincials under General Forbes.

In the mean time the murderers of Decker's settlement had escaped, and though Captain Gibson the commander at Pittsburg, marched promptly with thirty men across the country, to get in their front. But if Gibson failed to come up with or intercept those in which he was in pursuit of, he very unexpectedly to both parties, fell in with Kiskepila, (Little Eagle) a Mingo chief, and six or seven more warriors. The meeting took place on Indian Cross Creek, near where Steubenville now stands, at break of day. The Indians had not all risen. The Mingo chief first spied Gibson, raised the war-whoop and discharged his rifle. The ball cut Gibson's clothes, and wounded a soldier, but drawing his cutlass, the captain rushed forward, and by a gigantic swing, severed the head from the body of Kiskepila. Two other Indians fell, and the others fled and escaped.

The act of cutting off the head of the Mingo Chief, by the sword and arm of Captain Gibson, produced some singular consequences. At the final restoration of prisoners, after the treaty of 1763, some white persons who were in the Mingo villages, when the remnant of Kiskepila's party returned, stated that these warriors reported that their chief was killed with "*a big knife*." A death dance, was then performed, at which several white prisoners were devoted to death, to revenge the dead chief. Amid their horrid orgies, bitter and bloody were their threats of vengeance against "*the big knife warrior*." The name became general amongst the Indian nations for the Virginians, by which, they then, and long afterwards, included all the white militia, as "*the big knife warriors*."

Thus stood the country on the upper Ohio and its confluence in the end of 1758. Pittsburg, with a feeble garrison, and Redstone with one still more feeble, were the out-posts of civilization. The main spine of the mountains was really the frontier, as the two posts of Redstone and Pittsburg were far in advance of the settlements, except a very few cabins, the inhabitants of which, had the Indian hatchet impending every moment over their heads. The Monongahela was then the Rubicon, all beyond was silent or hostile.

Similar was the line from Pittsburg to Georgia. The settlements on the upper Roanoke, near where Salem in Bottetort county, Virginia, now stands, was surprised in 1757, and the in-

habitants mostly murdered. A fort had been established on Jackson's river, branch of James river, by Governor Dinwiddie, and known by his name. As soon as the massacre on Roanoke was made known to him, Dinwiddie ordered a detachment of regulars from the Fort on Jackson's river, to join several militia detachments, from the counties along the frontier, and the whole to form an army under the command of Andrew Lewis. The plans of Governor Dinwiddie, evinced a knowledge of the Indian character, of their country and the intermediate country between villages and settlements of Virginia, which must have been acquired by confidence in men of the colony, who had gained their means of advising by experience. The policy of Governor Dinwiddie and his counselors, was to form a strong line of forts along the Ohio, and had this wise and humane system been carried into effect, what streams of blood and tears would have been stayed.

In the instance before us, the army under Andrew Lewis, was formed and marched to attain two objects. First to chastise the Indians; but secondly, to effect a far more important purpose; that was, to establish a military post, at or near the mouth of Big Sandy. With much delay from various obstacles, the season was far advanced before this little army reached a point on Sandy river, within a few miles of Ohio. What would have been the final result can be never known, as at this critical epoch, Francis Fauquier, succeeded Dinwiddie in the government of Virginia, and marked his commencing administration, by ordering the regular troops back to Fort Dinwiddie, and the militia to return to their homes.

This was one of the innumerable vexatious measures of the British colonial government which irritated, in an especial manner the frontier, and in war, far most formidable portion of the population. This very proceeding of Fauquier, was most dreadfully retaliated, as it was well remembered in the revolutionary war. In the year 1706, settlements were extended to the Holston river, and amongst the men who thus dared an advance, was Evan Shelby, William Campbell, William Preston and Daniel Boone. It is singular, that the sons of Shelby, Campbell and Preston, were amongst the leaders in the battle of the King's Mountain, and from the very country left exposed by the cold hearted Fauquier, twenty-three years afterwards issued that terrible corps, who on the 7th October 1780, dealt death to Colonel Ferguson and his British and tory troops.

To return to Col. Andrew Lewis's little army. The governor's order to return, produced a counsel of war, most of the officers insisted on prosecuting their expedition, and determined to at least to proceed to Ohio river. This was accomplished, and was no doubt the first Anglo-American military force, which ever reached that river below a very few miles from Pittsburgh.

With heavy hearts, which is the case in all retreats but in this, the soldiers, however, brave and hardy, had complicated reasons to superinduce depression. Winter had set in; their provisions were exhausted, and ammunition,

their resource for food, was scanty; and thus were they to retrace three hundred miles over rapid rivers, in pathless forests, and over high and rugged mountains. To these were added the appalling danger of hovering Indians, which were soon found on their flanks.

In these dreadful circumstances, orders were issued, forbidding either shooting or kindling fires, reducing the men to perish with hunger, to save themselves from being shot by their enemy. Many did perish with cold and hunger.

Their famished pack horses, their buffalo hide thongs, the strings of their moccasins, and their belts were used for food. Under such circumstances of suffering, did the remnant of this gallant army reach their homes and friends. Many of those who did survive, lived to gain a terrible vengeance in the revolutionary war, on those they regarded as their worst enemies, the British officers.

The peace of 1763, brought little of any relaxation of hostility or mitigation of Indian war, to the frontier from the environs of Pittsburgh, to the farthest outer settlements of Georgia. Between the frontier inhabitants and the Indians, under their respective circumstances, no peace could exist, and it was by no means an uncommon occurrence for persons to be murdered returning from treaties.

One feature in the Indian military character, began to be developed, and contributed greatly to the advantage of the whites. It was found that the slightest fortification, could be defended against these sons of the woods, who seemed to have no idea of using themselves any other shelter in war but "*the tree*." To this advantage, the ferocious and faithless character of the Indian added another. It was soon demonstrated, that to surrender was to meet certain death. The knowledge of these advantages were, however, like all other knowledge, purchased at great expence. One terrible purchase I may mention.

About 1760, at or near where Franklin, the seat of justice for Pendleton county, Virginia, now stands, and on the south fork of the south branch of Potomac, was situated Sivert's Fort. About forty persons, men, women and children, had taken refuge in this place of defence. The people within were becoming careless after the first alarm, but were suddenly assailed by a large body of Indians. Captain Sivert prevented the people in the fort from firing on the Indians, proposing to attempt a negotiation under a flag. This proceeding, though much opposed, he carried into effect, the Indians very readily agreeing to retire peaceably, on receiving certain presents or ransom; but to test their kindly feelings, the fort was to be opened, that they might shake hands with the people within. These stipulations were complied with, and the gates thrown open, and an almost indiscriminate massacre followed. The number of all ages and both sexes thus sacrificed to the folly or timidity of their commander, amounted to about forty.

In 1761, the Indians penetrated into the country on the head of James river, committed many murders, and led captive several others. On this occasion one man very narrowly escap-

ed death, who lived to perform important services during the Revolutionary war; this was George Mathews, one of the heroes in 1774, of the battle of Point Pleasant, at the mouth of great Kenawha; of the battle of Germantown, on the 4th of October 1777, and twice governor of Georgia.

The hostile spirit kept in excitement, from the end of what has been called "*The French War*," was not fostered more by the Indians than by the whites, and if we allow for the pretences of religion and superior civilization, treachery and cruelty was really on the side of the whites. There was not any year from 1732, to the end of the Revolutionary war, in which murder to a greater or less extent, was not perpetrated by one or both of these irreconcilable parties. In 1764, in March, "*The Manor Indians*," or "*The Moravian Indians*," residing at Litz, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, were murdered, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, if we judge by our modern estimates of the deed. The men who committed the act, where from the neighbourhood where I was born, and well do I remember to hear the destruction of "*The Manor Indians*," receive a very different title from that of murder. The act, however, never at any time, could be viewed in any other light, than that of a wanton waste of human blood, without any adequate object. But to show the feelings of the times on this very event, I insert the following, which I have repeatedly heard told, and of its entire truth I have not a shadow of doubt. Amongst the men who destroyed the Manor Indians, there were two brothers, both married men, but one without children. The childless brother saved a small child, or rather attempted to save it, as his brother stepped up to him and asked him, "what he had got there?" "A pet," he replied, "which I am going to take home to ——" pronouncing the name of his wife. The words had scarce passed his mouth, when the tomahawk of the brother was dashed into the child's brains, and its innocent blood sprinkled over its protector.

The perpetrator of this dreadful deed, I remember to have seen, and never learned that in common life, there was any atrocity remarked in his conduct, but rather the reverse. Such facts deserve record, if for no other reason than to mitigate our censures and soften our feelings, towards a people, who in retaliating such acts, thought they were only doing a duty imposed upon them, by the laws of their education.

The scenes are passed, and we now look back upon them, as the convulsions of a storm which is to rage no more.

One cause amid every other fluctuation of war, or peace, was steady in its effects, that was the migration of the whites to the west, which might well be compared to a fluid rushing into a void. Danger, hunger, cold, and death itself seemed to have no influence over this all powerful human motion. Individuals and families fell, and their dying screams, seemed to hardly cease their echo in the forest, when other individuals and families followed. I was myself, one who in infancy I may well say, was borne along on this mighty current.

MARK BANCROFT.

The following beautiful and affecting lines, are taken from a late number of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. They were written by Dr. H. W. Baxley, of Baltimore, subsequently to witnessing the consignment to the tomb of the remains of his departed mother. He speaks the language of filial respect and devotion.

MY MOTHER.

We buried her deep in her own native earth,
Not a murmur nor sigh did we hear;
In view of the hamlet that gave her birth,
We laid her unmourn'd by a tear.

The wind it was still, the grass did not move,
All nature seem'd hush'd in that hour—
Spring's own balmy zephyr had breathed on the grove,
Yet the bud still withheld its gay flower.

The once cherished scenes that partook of her youth,
And join'd in the mirth that it shed,
Seem'd sad at beholding the now mournful truth,
That their early companion was dead.

It was silent around, until the harsh cord,
As drawn from the depths of the tomb,
Gave token that earth had received its award,
That dust was consigned to its doom.

God's minister spake, and the valley's dark clod
Lent a sad, solemn thrill to the heart:
In anguish, it answer'd, O God, O! my God!
Must a child and a parent thus part?

Then burst the seal'd fountains of grief, as they tore
Them deserted and helpless away;
The soul, in its agony, wept as they bore
Them afar from her still sacred clay.

There was one who stood by, his heart seem'd unmov'd
And his cheek was unstained by a tear;
His memory lingered o'er scenes that he loved,
And his fix'd eye was turn'd on her bier.

He thought of the days affection's pure beam
Shed magical sweetness around,
When life's happy dawn pass'd on like a dream,
And naught save its pleasures was found.

He thought of the bosom that pillow'd his head
In infancy's helpless repose,
The eye that watch'd o'er him, the bright smile that
spread
Its influence around when he rose.

When affliction's hard hand was laid on his brow,
What lighten'd the force of its blow?
'Twas her ready breast, ever bared to the blow,
Ever prompt at the sufferer's call.

And must she depart? The earth, as it fell,
Told the tale that his mother was there—
Struck deep on his heart the funeral knell,
And he shudder'd—but shed not a tear.

The fields now stand forth, deck'd in gaudy array,
The graves in their liveried green;
The south brings its zephyrs, and the spring her sweet
May,
All nature in gladness is seen.

The lark, as it mounts with its anthem on high,
And the nightingale, over her tomb,
All, all, now exult, while the bosom's deep sigh
Is still heaved at her freedom from gloom.

O, mourn not her death! Let her towering wing
Sweep on through the regions of heaven!
And join the loud choir of angels, who sing,
"To her the bright promise is given!"

Baltimore, May 1, 1834.

SICILIAN FACTS.

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

Mascali, a thriving town on the eastern coast of Sicily, some miles distant from the city of Catania, is situated on the beach, at the foot of one of the most charming of the *Ætnean* hills, whose gentle slope is covered with vineyards, corn-fields, and olive grounds, interspersed with gardens and range groves, which impart a delicious perfume to the air. The size and flourishing condition of its productions abundantly testify the exuberant fertility of the soil. A little above the town, and overlooking it, is the modern residence of the ancient family of Z—, situated in one of the pleasantest spots imaginable, embowered in a wilderness of *agurvie*, whose never-fading verdure gives the appearance of perpetual spring, to this favoured region. The summit of this beautiful eminence is crowned by an antique castle, formerly the abode of the same family; and in still early times, a royal chateau, built by one of the kings of Sicily, for his reception, when disposed to partake of the pleasures of the chase. It commands in front an enchanting view of the distant coast of Italy, the sea studded with craft of every denomination, and the shore variegated with town and village, winding streams, and promontories of lava. To the right, lay the superb city and vast plains of Catania, so renowned for its fertility. To the left, the silver currents of the *Acts* and the *Fiume Freddo*, are seen paying their tributes to the sea. Behind, stretches an extensive wood, remarkable for the size and variety of its trees, and the inexhaustible stock of game with which it is furnished. In the distance, the most prominent and sublimest feature of the scene, the snow-crowned *Ætna*, elevates its smoking head into the clouds. This old edifice is called *il Castello della Zita*, or the *Betrothed*, from a daughter of an ancient lord of these possessions, whose father, as the tale runs, arbitrarily promised her hand to one of her suitors, whilst her heart was engaged to another. In spite of tears, prayers, and remonstrances, a day was destined for the marriage. On the evening preceeding the morning on which the ceremony was to take place, it was observed, that the intended bride had dried her tears, and appeared composed and resigned to her fate. In the morning the guests had arrived, the priest was ready, the bridegroom in attendance; but the bride was wanting. She was not in her apartment. The castle was searched from turret to dungeon, but the young lady was not found. At length, a pair of slippers was discovered on the ledge of a window; they were recognized as those of the bride. On looking out, she was seen lying in her night dress, a corpse, in the ditch of the castle, into which she had precipitated herself to avoid a detested union.

The present story, though of a more modern date, as it happened somewhat after the middle of the last century, in some points resembles the foregoing; but the lady, although, if possible, still more unfortunate in her destiny, does not appear to have possessed the desperate resolution of her fair predecessor.

Baron Z—, the proprietor of these domains

at that period, had led a single life until near fifty, and perhaps might have continued to do so, had not some disagreement with his brother, who in default of issue was his heir, determined him to disappoint his expectations by taking a wife at that late period. Having formed this resolution, he proposed for the daughter of the Prince of P—, of Catania, a girl of eighteen, whom perhaps he had not seen twice in his lifetime. The baron being well known by his large possessions, the father consented at once to a match, which, reckoning for nothing the disparity of years, or the inclinations of his child, he esteemed highly advantageous. When he communicated the offer to his daughter, and ordered her peremptorily to receive the baron as her future husband, the young lady was thunderstruck, at intelligence so unlooked for, and disagreeable, and remained silent, being incapable of utterance, in the presence of the prince; but no sooner had he retired, than throwing herself at the feet of her mother, she conjured her to prevent a union, which could not fail to plunge her in irremediable misery. The princess, though attached to her daughter, knowing the arbitrary and violent character of her husband, declined all interference in the matter, and recommended obedience, as the wisest and fittest course. In fact, both her parents were aware that her principal objection to the baron was, an attachment she entertained for a cadet, of a noble family, an officer in the army, then absent in Naples; but neither of them suspected that she had already clandestinely become his wife. They had, previous to his departure, been privately married by the family chaplain, who had been won over by their entreaties. No wonder, then, that the unfortunate girl testified such repugnance to the match now proposed to her. In vain she expostulated and entreated; a deaf ear was turned to her prayers. Her union with the officer she dared not reveal, well knowing, from the vindictive temper of her father, that such confessions would cost the life of her husband. She prevailed on the chaplain who had married them, to remonstrate with the prince, on the injustice he was about to commit by forcing the inclinations of his daughter, and thus rendering her miserable for life; but the efforts of the priest were unavailing, the prince drove him from his presence, and threatened him with his vengeance, for this uncalled for interference in his family affairs.

Whilst the young lady remained utterly at a loss, what step to take in so deplorable a condition; her father aware, as I have said, of her inclination for the young officer, artfully procured a letter to be sent from Naples, detailing a fictitious account of his death; conceiving that when he had thus succeeded in shutting out all hope, he should find her more tractable. These dreadful tidings overwhelmed her with grief; but far from answering the expectations of the prince, seemed only to have increased her aversion to the baron; until her father, desirous to terrify her into consent, gave her the choice of a convent, or that nobleman for a husband; disappointed by her gladly embracing the former, he retracted his offer, which had been mere menace, and would not even hear of the alter-

native he had himself proposed. He then allowed her but three days to prepare herself, giving her to understand that the baron, at the expiration of that period, would come to the palace to be betrothed to her, as is the custom in Sicily, previous to the actual celebration of the marriage ceremony.

These three days, were three whole ages of horror, to the unfortunate young lady. At times her heart misgave her, and suspicions came over her mind, that the story of her husband's death, might be a fabrication; a notion which only served to add to the cruel embarrassment of her situation. She resolved still to hold out, and to refuse her consent when the fatal hour arrived. When it did, and the baron came in state, with a long train of relatives and friends to witness the event, she refused to appear, and remained in an undress within her chamber. But these were weak preservatives against the fury of her father, who violently tore her in that condition from her apartment, and apologizing to the baron for what he termed girlish backwardness, commanded her to signify her consent to the proposed union. Terrified by his menaces, and not gifted by nature with any great energy of character, she said, in faltering accents, that she was compelled to comply with the will of her father. This dubious assent was esteemed sufficient by those to whom a direct refusal would have signified as little. Soon after the marriage ceremony took place; she was carried by force to the church, where she fainted at the altar, and remained in a state of insensibility, during the greater part of the service. After its termination, the exulting baron returned to Mascalì, with his mourning bride, whose sorrow he attributed, as her father had hinted, to her being now, for the first time, removed from the parental residence.

Her internal struggles, her grief for the supposed death of her real husband, the agitation she had undergone affected her brain, and though not altogether amounting to insanity, she began to give proofs of aberration of intellect. There was at the time, and there still is, in the grounds, a beautiful reservoir of water, ornamented with a superb fountain. This was her favourite resort; she would sit by its margin for hours together, in utter listlessness, or mingling her tears with its pellucid stream. Even at night she would leave her bed, hasten there, and giving vent to her feelings, commit a thousand extravagances. The baron, who it seems, was in reality much attached to her, was at first alarmed by these nightly wanderings, but having caused her to be watched, and finding that she discovered no inclination to injure herself, he thought it best to let her have her own way, and gradually grew accustomed to her wild and eccentric habits. At length she became a mother, an event which gave great delight to the baron, and seemed for a time, to relieve the devouring melancholy which preyed on her heart.

It is not improbable that the flow of new feelings, maternal affection, and the assurance that her first husband was no more, might have finally succeeded in restoring reason, which had only been occasionally clouded, to the empire of her mind. She gradually grew better, and appear-

ed reconciled to her situation; when one day, her favourite attendant, whom she had brought with her from Catania, told her, that she had seen the ghost of her former husband, in the garden: that it attempted to approach her, but overcome with terror, she had escaped into the house. The wretched young baroness, never entirely convinced of his death, saw at once through the deceit, that had been practised on her, and broke into violent exclamations of grief, remorse and despair. She directed the maid to watch the garden, and the next time she saw the appearance, (which she was convinced was not a spirit, but her beloved husband in person,) to speak to him, and relate how cruelly she had been beguiled into a marriage with the baron, and to acquaint him that she would, the same night, meet him at her favourite haunt, the fountain. Next day the woman again fell in with him, and on his addressing her, soon found that he was no spectre, but the living husband of her lady. Having imparted all her mistress had desired, the young man said, that hearing of her marriage with Baron Z—, he had felt assured that she had been made the victim of some artful misrepresentation, and that as soon as he had been able to obtain leave of absence, he had hastened to Sicily, to hear the fatal story from her own lips; prepared, in case he found her union was voluntary, to bury his own claim in oblivion, rather than destroy her peace, or injure her honour in the eyes of the world, whatever the effort might cost him.

That night, the wretched husband and wife met at the fountain, and gave vent to the poignant anguish with which they were alike penetrated. They would willingly have fled together, but where would they be safe from the pursuing resentment of her father and the baron? To avow their marriage, and claim her as his wife, was equally hopeless and hazardous. There was no other witness to the marriage, which had taken place privately in the family chapel, than her own servant and the priest who performed the ceremony; whose testimony no doubt would be overruled, or themselves, if expedient, put out of the way. After several hours spent in fruitless deliberation, they at length parted: having resolved, as their only practicable plan, to attempt an escape to a foreign country, as they could not hope to be secure in their own. Night after night the unhappy couple continued to meet at the fountain. The baron, aware of her mental infirmity, and of her similar excursions before her confinement, paid little attention to what he supposed a return of the malady. In the mean time, the officer having collected what money he could command, which, with the lady's jewels, was all they had to rely on for future subsistence, he hired a felucca, which was to convey them to Trieste, whence they proposed making their singular story known to her family, and effecting, if possible, a reconciliation with them.

All, for some time, appeared to favour their plans, the day appointed for the sailing of the felucca and the flight of the lady approached. But their nightly meetings, carried on with too little precaution, had attracted the attention of the domestics; one of them, the gamekeeper, to

ingratiate himself with his master, betrayed the secret of the unhappy couple. The baron, infuriated at being thus, as he conceived, dishonoured, ferociously gave orders to the informer and an assistant, to lie in wait for, and dispatch the unhappy young man, in the presence of his supposed mistress. These men, though they accepted the horrible commission, less cruel than their master, had the compunction to forbear committing the dreadful deed before the eyes of the lady. The officer was, as usual, the first who came to the place of meeting. The assassins discharged their blunderbusses at him, a few paces distant from the fountain, willing that their mistress might at least be spared the terrible shock of discovering the body herself. But the dying man, badly wounded as he was, either to slake the death thirst, or obtain perhaps a last sad look of his beloved, contrived to crawl to the margin of the fountain, and there expired, a few moments before his wretched wife came to the spot. When she saw and recognized her husband, heedless of discovery, she threw herself on the bleeding body, pressed it in her arms, and filled the air with her piercing screams. The murderers conjecturing the cause of the cries, drew near to the spot. When she saw them approach, she sprang up, and endeavoured to precipitate herself into the water. Prevented in this design by the savage humanity of the assassins, she broke from them, and ran wildly through the grounds, frightfully shrieking, leaving behind her, a track of her husband's blood, which dropped from her night dress, saturated with the crimson stream. When at length overtaken, and conveyed to the house, delirium followed deliquium, and when they ceased, frenzy succeeded; the dark night of insanity, had utterly quenched the light of reason. In her lucid intervals, which were few, and far between, she was heard to pray for the return of madness, as a relief from sufferings too acute to be endured. The baron, her husband, never mentioned the circumstance, nor suffered it to be alluded to in the house. The morning after the event he ordered the corpse to be consigned into the hands of the police, as that of a person killed by his servants in the supposition that he was a robber, having been found trespassing by night on his premises.

During the short time the lady lived, she returned to the former habit of wandering by night. The spot stained with the blood of her husband, was her favourite haunt; there was she accustomed to sit and linger for hours, seeming to hold converse with some invisible being, addressing the visionary creation of the brain, with the most endearing epithets, and extending and folding her arms, as if embracing a beloved object. Long after her death, the terrified domestics were wont to assert, that they often beheld at night, a female form sit weeping by the brink of the fatal fountain.

It is easier to admire than to imitate, and there is no error more common, than to imagine that talking of virtue is to practice it.

He who cannot endure a single disagreeable word, exposes himself to the annoyance of hearing many.

Written for the *Casket*.

THE VISION.

BY LYMAN WALKBRIDGE TRASK.

This was written in 1830, and if the reader will consult the History of Greece since that time, he will see that the predictions contained in this "Vision" have been fulfilled.

The wind was wild—the sea ran high,
No star-light smil'd upon the sky;
The roaring winds soon left the plain,
Careering onward o'er the main.
From heaven's arch, burst on my sight,—
A being of seraphic light
And—o'er the mighty watery way
He shewed me Greece, and seemed to say:
"Behold those isles, of genius bright,
Once brilliant with a heavenly light,—
A land that endless fame has rung
The clime where classic Homer sung;
Where genius raised his towering fires—
And muses touched their sweetest lyres,
Where spirits bold with vengeful hand
Dared vindicate the rights of man.
Though Greece, once sunk in awful gloom,
Has risen from her ancient tomb—
Though now the modern Grecian son
Has triumphed o'er the Ottoman—
Yet other tyrants seize the hour;
Yes! other tyrants lust for power,
And thus these tyrants will decree,
That modern Greece shall not be free!"

He said, and quick as lightning flew
Above, to the ethereal blue;
And darkness o'er the spreading plain
Assumed again her diurnal reign.

From the Alexandria Gazette.

ON THE DEATH OF LA FAYETTE.

Death at length his work has done,
Fallen is the mighty one.
To his rest of glory gone—
To his home on high.

O'er his bier Columbia weeps,
O'er the grave where low he sleeps,
Mourning, she her vigil keeps,
Waiting with her tears

That now consecrated spot,
Destin'd ne'er to be forgot,
Till the things which are not,—
Till time shall be no more.

With her tears we mingle ours:
Over Freedom's happy bowers
Dark the cloud of sorrow lowers,
Freedom weeps thy fall.

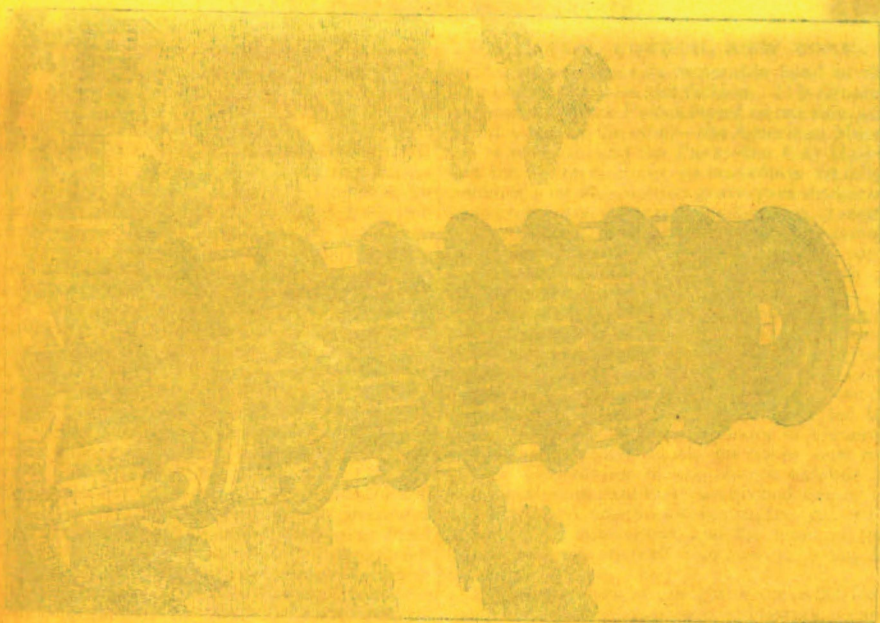
Yet we mourn not as do they
Who, when lov'd ones fade away,
Early see their hopes decay.
Blighted is the bud.

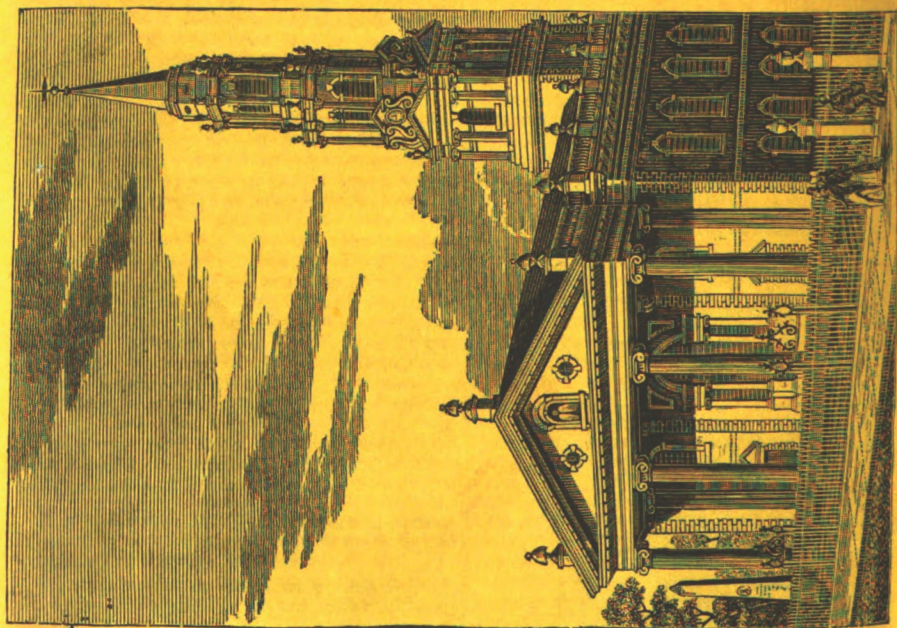
Not by an untimely doom
Fall'n, in manhood's op'ning bloom,
To the cold and lonely tomb
Wast thou borne away.

Late to thee the summons came.
Hero of immortal name,
Full of years, and full of fame,
Thou art laid to rest.

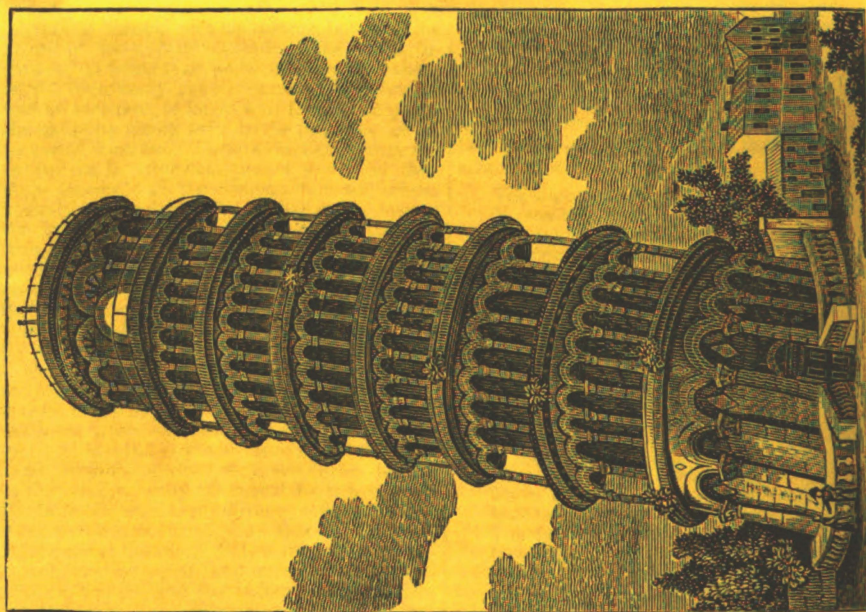
Srew we, then, thy grave with flowers,
Cease the tears that nature pours,
Thou art Freedom's, now, and ours,
Given to deathless fame.

JUAN





St. Paul's Church, New York.



Leaning Tower at Pisa, Italy.

THE LEANING TOWER AT PISA.

We have already embellished the Casket with views of different Leaning Towers; we now introduce to our readers the celebrated Tower at Pisa, in Italy. Its height is about 187 feet, it is ascended by 355 steps, and contains 7 bells. It stands alone, unconnected with the neighbouring buildings, and was probably intended as an ornamental belfry. It is inclined from the perpendicular rather more than 14 feet. It is built of marble and granite, and has 8 stories, formed of arches, supported by 207 pillars, and divided by cornices. Its form and proportions are graceful, and its whole appearance, from a short distance, remarkably beautiful. Whilst approaching the city (which is situated on an extensive plain) at the distance of a few miles, the effect, when the tower is seen over the tops of the trees, between two others which are perpendicular, is so striking, that the spectator feels almost inclined to doubt the evidence of his senses. It was erected about A. D. 1174, by Wilhelmus, or William, a German architect, assisted by two Pisans. From the inclination of the stairs, it seems to a person going up or down hastily, to roll like a ship. This beautiful structure, notwithstanding its inclination, seems to have withstood the ravages of time with more than usual success, as it has now stood for more than 600 years, without any fissure, or the slightest perceptible sign of decay. Travellers, antiquaries, and the learned in general, have been perplexed and divided in opinion, with respect to the cause of the inclination: some have argued in favour of its being accidental; others have merely stated the different opinions on the subject, without giving their own; whilst Dr. Arnot, in his popular work "on the Elements of Physics," distinctly says, that it was built *intentionally* inclined, to frighten or surprise.

It has remained for the accurate observation of an English lady, who travelled in Italy a few years ago, to set the question at rest, by discovering what had escaped the notice of so many learned gentlemen. "In that part of the Campo Santo," says Mrs. Starke, "in which the life of St. Ranieri is painted, we see the now leaning tower *wright*." These paintings are supposed to have been done about A. D. 1300, more than 100 years after the tower was erected: so that it may now be considered as certain, that the inclination was caused by the gradual sinking of the earth, as in all other instances in Italy. This opinion is confirmed by the circumstances of the lowest row of pillars being sunk deep in the earth, the mouldings not running parallel with the horizon, and the inclination of the stairs.

MIRROR.

Julia! in this glass you see
Her who is admir'd by me.
Oh, that in it I could view,
The happy man below'd by you!

HOPE.

Hope, heaven-born cherub, still appears,
Howe'er misfortune seems to lower;
Her smile the threat'ning tempest clears,
And is the rainbow of the shower.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

This edifice rears its venerable head in the very centre of bustle and fashion. It is situated in Broadway, with Fulton street on one side, and Vesey street on the other—the American Museum is opposite, and the Park—the City Hall—and the Theatre, are in its immediate vicinity. Standing as it does, with its grave-yard shadowed by old trees, and white with tomb-stones, it seems as though it was intended to arrest the attention of the gay passer-by, and inspire him with serious thought, while he is in the eager pursuit of his business or his pleasures.

St. Paul's Church was built about 74 years ago—the steeple was finished in 1794. The front upon Broadway, is an Ionic portico, supported by 4 columns of brown stone; its pediment contains a statue of St. Paul in a niche. In front of the great window, is the monument erected by order of Congress, to the memory of General Montgomery, under which his bones now repose. The interior of the church exhibits a great deal of elegant taste, an arched ceiling is supported by Corinthian columns, the galleries are airy, yet substantial, and the tones of the fine organ, are unrivalled in power, by any in the city.

The steeple rises to a height of above 200 feet from the ground. In symmetrical beauty, it cannot be surpassed by any thing in the Union. A quadrangular section of the Ionic order, with proper columns, pilasters, and pediments, rises above the tower, then follow two octangular sections of the Corinthian and Composite orders, with columns at the angles, a neat spire crowns the whole. The church, tower, and first section, are of stone, the rest is of wood. The most beautiful view of the church, at present, is, from the steps of the City Hall, where you have the verdure of the Park for a fore-ground. Mr. Aston's large hotel, when completed, will, it is feared, materially intercept this view.

In the rear of the Church, upon a little hillock, stands the monument erected by Edmund Kean, over the remains of a kindred genius, George Frederick Cooke; and by the side of the church, near Fulton street, is the obelisk to the memory of the eloquent and patriotic Emmet. It consists of one solid piece of white marble, with appropriate ornaments, and his head, a very tolerable likeness, in bass relief.

St. Paul's and St. John's Churches, are attached to the parish of Trinity Church, and were under the pastoral care of the Bishop of the Diocese, as rector, with associate ministers, during the life-time of the late Bishop Hobart. Shortly after the consecration of the present Bishop, it was deemed proper to separate the Diocesan from parochial occupation. The Rev. Wm. Berrian is now rector, and the Rev. T. F. Schröder, and the Rev. Henry Authon, associate ministers.

J. B. S.

As many more can discover that a man is richer than themselves, superiority of understanding is not so readily acknowledged, as that of fortune; nor is that haughtiness, which the consciousness of great abilities incites, borne with the same submission as the tyranny of affluence.—*Johnson*.

NOTES ON PERIODICALS.

This is the true millennium of the printers. Oh! that those typographical heroes of the fifteenth century, Faust, Gutenberg, and Peter Schoeffer, could burst the marble monuments in which they are enshrined, and just take a peep at one of our steam-engines, which deliver to Fame, or to the cheesemongers, as many sheets in an hour as they, with infinite labour, though with ingenuity laudible for such an age, brought forth in a month! Doubtless every department of the press will henceforth be subjected to the same law of periodicity, which prevails throughout every region of the heavens. The earth is at once an annual, laden with all the accumulated treasures of the year; a Quarterly Review, delighting us with the varieties of each succeeding season; and a Daily Newspaper, teeming with new events which keep us, its readers, in a state of constant excitement. The moon, what is it but a perpetual "New Monthly Magazine?" In the highest firmament of the skies, we hear of systems which require for their periodical completion some five hundred years. What prodigious periodicals the people in those remote planets must possess! Their weeks must be longer than our years, their hours than our days. "Paradise Lost" they would look upon as a trifle. It would scarcely fill the space which they dedicate to the "Poet's Corner." As for this article, upon which we are at present engaged for the edification of our much-beloved readers, whoever they may be, we fear that it would be scarcely perceptible in a page of the "New Monthly" which illuminates and exalts the good folk who bask in the rays of Bellatrix or Betelgeux. Heaven defend us from being appointed, some fine morning, for our sins, editor of the Times, in the head of the Ram, or the tail of the Great Bear!

Indeed, matters are in a sufficiently deplorable state on the petty planet to which we happen at present to belong. Behold us obliged,—the thing is so cheap we cannot help it,—to take in, or be taken in by, "Johnson's Dictionary," converted into a neat periodical. For the same irresistible reason we renew our acquaintance every Saturday with the beauties of "Guthrie's Gazetteer," and the pleasantries of that Grammar, which goes under the renowned name of Lindley Murray. We next turn with enthusiasm to four pages of law; made easy to the most obtuse mind, and beguiling to the most phlegmatic. Astronomy comes before us, clothed in the garb of romance; and History looks so gay with all her embellishments, that we hand out our penny for her with rapture. We have already become perfect geologists for the sum of three-pence; and for a groat we received in exchange such a degree of enlightenment in the mysteries of anatomy, that we hereby undertake to kill any man in such a really agreeable and expeditious way, that he shall know nothing at all of the process. To determined suicides we shall be found invaluable, and we take the liberty to recommend ourselves to their attention. Paganini spent fourteen years and all his fortune in learning to play on one string. We played excellently on *four*, in two weeks, by the aid of the "Musical Magazine," for which we paid the

sum of three halfpence. We may say, without vanity, that we shine in botany, divinity, zoology and horticulture, having made ourselves perfect masters in these branches of useful knowledge, at the rate of two-pence halfpenny per branch. In short, we expect that, before Christmas, we shall be, in our proper person, a complete animated Encyclopædia, at the sum total expense of half a crown. When the holidays come, however, we shall repay our poor soul for the heavy burdens which we at present hebdomadally impose upon it. We are all Minerva now,—then we shall be Bacchus.

Look at the illustrations, their perfections, their brilliancy, the number of them that we can buy for a trifle! Portraits, landscapes, still life, dogs, horses, game, Landseer, Turner, Martin, Cruikshank, all you may have almost for nothing. Montgomery the Second is gone to Pædæmonium to collect materials for landscapes, which he has undertaken to describe in a most tremendous poem. The ever-to-be-lamented Rosa Matilda is already awakened from her tomb, for the purpose of lending her never-to-be-forgotten verses to the prints of Charles Tit. We are soon to have not only a new edition of Robert Burns, but charming sketches of every individual whiskey-horse which he honoured by getting particularly drunk therein. The Fiddens threaten to make even Crabbe popular.

What is to become of all the paper which is now in constant process of typo-impression? What are we to do with it? Where is it to find room in some half-dozen years? We observe, indeed, more than one Encyclopædia in progress, which is likely to be concluded about the year of our Lord 2000. As we do not intend to live so long as that, we leave the said Encyclopædia to shift for itself. But, mercy on us, how are we to dispose of the "National Library?" Here is a collection "intended to place all the most useful, instructive, moral, and entertaining works, comprising the standard literature of almost all countries, within the means of *all* families in the three kingdoms!" We are kindly informed, lest our natural feelings should be alarmed at the prospect of paying for such a number of books, still more of perusing them, that all this is to be accomplished "without taxing too heavily, at one and the same time, either the pocket or the head of the reader." Infinite are the obligations of the happy subscriber to the editors, for thus dividing the inflictions which they are resolved to heap upon his devoted head. After being nicely wrecked on the rocks of Scylla, most comfortably swallowed up in the whirlpool of Charybdis.

It is not long since we came home one day from the Bank with our dividends in one pocket, and about a hundred weekly journals in the other, which we purchased in the fragrant parlour of Fetter Lane. We were seduced by the show which they made, all embellished with cuts as they were, in a shop window. There shone "The Cab," price one halfpenny, addressed to gentlemen of aspiring notions, but limited means; and offering them, in return for a small annual subscription, not only the Cab itself, but the occasional use of a chariot, with horses quiet to drive, ride, or run in tandem,

and also the loan of boxes at Covent Garden and the Opera, as well as ladies of the fashion, only for the purpose of gracing the said boxes by their appearance. They were to present themselves *moustaches à la porcupine*, to talk loud during the opera or the play, to smell of cigar, and to take snuff in abundance. It was necessary of their periodical felicity that they should, in all externals, be men of *ton*, whatever their previous habits might have been in the mystery of picking pockets. "The Halfpenny Magazine" had already, by some accident, arrived at a seventh number, a fatal one, we fear, for the editors were fain to confess. "We have no cut this time." "The Halfpenny Library" had the singular merit of manufacturing a new adage out of an old one. There is an ancient saying, "Truth lies in a well." "May not the modern adage," quoth the said Library, "run thus, 'The most certain charity is at a pump?'" "The Magnet," after admitting candidly that periodicals had increased beyond the possibility of purchase, or perusal, had the courage to add to the number, and the conscience to promise that it would print the essence of the whole in its own pages. "The Squib" threatened to blow up all its rivals. Forgetting that it was itself of inflammable materials, it became the first victim of its own temerity. "The Sunday Chronicle" came to proclaim the comfortable doctrine that all the world was mad, and that, as things went, Miss Baxter would have made a capital Lord Mayor. The editor gave demonstrative proof of his own wisdom, by departing spontaneously from such a world almost as soon as he came into it. Among the prescriptions of "The Doctor" and "The Penny Lancet," we looked in vain for a remedy capable of being administered to a young periodical diseased. We never beheld two medical practitioners, who stood more in need of assistance from their own "damnable compounds." "The Tourist" had pledged itself to travel from Wellington Street, in the Strand all over the civilized and savage world. After crossing over Waterloo Bridge, and disporting himself amid the pleasant retreats of Lambeth, he returned by Blackfriars to the place of Wellington once more, where we found him ruminating in the following penitential strain:—"Human hopes are frequently falsified by experience. No sooner are they submitted to an infallible criterion, than they have been proved defective and illusory:—the offspring of self-conceit, or of partial knowledge. We are free to acknowledge that we have failed to realize our own expectations." "Rude Boreas" Diddin! What is it really Tom? It is in truth, the same concoctor of immortal songs, pouring with all his might, the tones of a heart still buoyant after every vicissitude, through a "Penny Trumpet," in the character of one Doctor Blow. Alas! poor Tom!—he was soon destined to realize the converse of a story, which he himself tells of Schmidt, one of the late King's band. The German, having been once asked to sustain a note of forty minims' duration, replied, "You may find ears, but who the devil is to find *wind*?" Diddin was copious in wind, but, after essaying a few blasts, he found an appalling deficiency of ears.

Peace be to the shades of the many "Gleaners," "Spies," "Investigators," "Scrap-books," "Caskets," "Correctors," "Schoolmasters," "Guardians," and "Devils," which we have consigned to the tender mercies of our *scol*, in order to save the expense of wood for the ignition of our fires. We were about to add to them a whole volume of the "Crisis," when the ghost of Robert Owen, its patron, stared us in the face, mildly reproving us for our consummate ignorance of the disorders which prevail throughout all classes of society, and for which he, Robert, believes that he has discovered a most effectual remedy. The "Crisis" is, it seems, intended to prepare the way for the new terrestrial Paradise, which he has been labouring for many years to create. Having been quietly bowed out of the factory at New Lanark, where he had been for some time managing clerk, but where he had contrived, by his inspirations, to introduce most admired confusion, he came to London to dissipate his chagrin, and diffuse his principles. But here he toiled in vain. He found no associates to assist him in the scheme of rendering property common, in order that he might come in for a commodity of which he happened then, as he happens still, to be rather in need. He next, like many other speculators who have been sadly disappointed at home, turned his eyes towards America, and, having purchased a dim forest in the back settlements, for a few dollars, he yclept it, "New Harmony." But old Discord was too strong for even that sweetly sounding title, the concern was dissolved, and he returned once more, on fresh speculations, to this Babylon. He took up his residence near the pastoral glades of Barton-crescent, put up a brick and composition portico to a little, low house, which he called "The Institution for the removal of Ignorance, and the regeneration of the World." Here he preached and lectured, gaining a few shillings now and then, by way of admission money, and informing his slender audience that he was charged with an express mission (from whom or whence we never could learn) for the purpose of turning the whole fabric of society exactly upside down.

It has been our good fortune to meet with him sometimes in our nocturnal perambulations.—Strange to say, if it rained, he held an umbrella over his head like any common mortal. Nay, more, we have actually seen this great reformer of our bad habits eating beef, and drinking bottled beer!—although he is indisputably (according to his disciples) the identical person referred to by the sybils of yore, the long-expected of nations, at whose birth

"Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo:
Jam redit et virgo, redeunt sæclumina regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto."

With him the age of iron is to cease, that of pure gold to begin. Every trace of ancient sin and sorrow is to disappear at his command from earth. The lion shall gambol with the lamb, and every field shall spontaneously grow yellow with golden harvests. There will be no necessity for public worship, as in the new order of things everybody is to pray in secret, if he have any disposition that way. If not, he can judge or

whistle if he like, instead of going to church, for no church there is any longer to be. The lawyers may sell their wigs and gowns, for law is come to an end. Order is to be altogether dispensed with, as a beautiful confusion is to prevail in its place. A young man shall meet a young maiden in the streets, and, without saying "A fine day, my dear," or anything else of that bashful tendency, he is straight to pop the question, "Will you marry me?" and she will! They are to live together from that moment, without further ceremony, just as long as they choose; they may separate, and their children, if any there be, are to receive maintenance from the public treasury. Here will be a glorious state of things for all the buxks of Cambridge.

"They who give themselves to the study of just and good works," says the Camæan sybil, "and to piety and holy thoughts, shall be carried by the angels through the flaming river, into a place of light, and a life without care, where the immortal path of the great God is, and where three fountains of wine, milk, and honey flow without cessation. And the earth shall be equal to all, not divided by walls or partitions, but shall bear much fruit spontaneously; and all shall live in common, and their wealth shall be undivided; neither poor nor rich shall be there, nor tyrant, nor servant, nor one greater or less than another; no king, nor leader; all shall enjoy all things in common, and none shall say the night is come, nor to-morrow, or yesterday is past; and no care shall be for many days. There shall be no spring nor summer, no winter nor autumn; nor marriage, nor death; nor buying, nor selling; nor setting nor rising of the sun, for there shall be a long day." "This is a highly figurative description of heaven upon earth, in the usual hyperbolic style of prophecy," quoth the "Crisis": "but it is evident, when stripped in part of its mystical character, that it describes such another state of things as we propose to establish by the adoption of the new system of society?"

Now observe the wonderful process by which the new system has been already, in part, carried into effect. Among the various speculations upon which Mr. Maberly, unluckily for himself, bestowed, some years ago, his time, together with a princely fortune, was an immense edifice, which he erected near the top of Gray's Inn Road, intending the lower part thereof for a horse-bazaar, the upper for a mart, in which all things whatever, from a kitchen-range to a doll's eye, were to be exposed for sale. Exposed, indeed, many articles of utility and finery were upon neat stalls, peeping eagerly behind which were numbers of the prettiest faces which that quarter of the metropolis could turn out; but, by some fatality, no purchasers appeared. Indeed, who that could afford to buy even a tottum was to guess that a bazaar existed in Gray's Inn Road? We have not, at present, the most remote idea how we ever chanced to hear of such a thing. Of course, it was soon shut up.

The time was now at hand, when the true regenerator of mankind was to step forth upon a more public stage than the small institution in Burton-place enabled him to enjoy. Having converted the landlord of the said Horse Bazaar

to his principles, he prevailed upon the man to give him the use of the empty premises for nothing. He then collected together numbers of poor mechanics from the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, formed them into a society *pro bono publico*, appointed himself their father, and set about knocking into their heads his magnificent principles in a series of grave lectures. In the course of his labours, he had the good fortune to receive the most valuable assistance from Miss Macauley, a lady some time out of her teens, and not unknown to fame as an actress, a teacher of enunciation, a reader of plays and poems, a head of a new religion, in which capacity she preaches, and as an author of pamphlets upon the currency, the poor law, agricultural distress, the Factory Bill, and a variety of other subjects, equally poetical and enchanting. She has also a horse, or rather a mule, to which is appended a little omnibus. Within the omnibus sits a lad. On the front, the back, and the sides of the machine are painted, in gigantic letters, three mystic words—"Miss Macauley's Repository." "A repository of what?" we asked the lad, for in our ignorance we deemed it a public vehicle, and flattered ourselves with the hope that it would carry us for a penny from Finsbury, where it then stood, to the rural groves of Paddington. "Sir," replied the urchin, smiling, "of Miss Macauley's pamphlets, will you buy one? you may have it for a penny." When her store of literature shall have been disposed of, it is Miss Macauley's intention to convert her shop into a Thespian cart, and to act tragedies all along the New-Road.

The mirror-like serenity with which this fair associate of Mr. Owen delivered herself of the new doctrines was marvellous. The Messiah, she declared, was a very good sort of a person in his way, considering the manner in which he was brought up, and was tolerably well informed too, remembering the dark age in which he lived; but he knew nothing, or next to nothing, of the evils of society, or of the real remedies which they required. These were matters wholly unrevealed to the world until the—Owen made his debut. She was proud to be one of his most zealous disciples, and was ready, as far as she was concerned, to carry all his principles into practice. To her inventive genius the patriarch is indebted for the establishment of what are called social festivals, at which the mechanics, their wives, their sons and daughters, together with a galaxy of beauties from the virtuous precincts of Shire-lane, assemble periodically, and sing, and dance, and take tea, and enter into those temporary engagements which are to form the principal felicity of the new system.

So much for the instruction and amusement of the disciples—and thus far they go in common with the St. Simonians of France, who have recently despatched missionaries to this country, in order to assist in the propagation of the doctrine. But the practical remedy for the real evil of society, that is to say, for the poverty of the lower orders—the secret hitherto unknown to all men save Robert Owen—stands disclosed in the most admirable invention of modern times, the "Equitable Labour Exchange." Through the instrumentality of this institution, the labour

of the industrious is constantly converted into gold. Knowledge is power. Give the ignorant education, and they will therefore be the rulers of the country. Labour is wealth. Let the poor labour, and they must in consequence become the proprietors of all the land and money in the empire. This is the logic of these grand reformers. But how are syllogisms to be transformed into loaves and roast beef? That is the question. We shall see.

There was an abundance of room to spare, as we have already mentioned, in the bazaar in Gray's Inn Road. Thither the distressed shoemaker was invited by the patriarch to send such part of his stock as lay upon his hands. To the same respectable the cabinet-maker was advised to commit his tables and chairs, the hatter his hats, the cooper his tubs, the nailer his nails, the tinman his pans, the musical-instrument maker his fiddles, and flutes, and tambourines, the toyman his dolls, the milliner her caps, the baker his bread, the butcher his meat, the market gardener his vegetables. Upon such of these articles as were transmitted to the bazaar, a certain valuation was fixed, according to the proportion of labour supposed to have been bestowed upon the production of them; and that labour was estimated, in every case, at sixpence per hour. Thus a table or a dog collar, for instance, was valued at twenty hours; and to the owner thereof, a nicely printed slip of paper, resembling a country bank-note, was given, stating the number of hours at which his deposit was estimated. This note he had then an opportunity of presenting to one of the attendants behind the counter of the bazaar, and from that officer he was entitled to receive any other article then in store, which was valued at the same amount. Unfortunately, however, nobody could get exactly the thing he wanted. The nailer presented his note for some coals; but there were none, as yet, in the bazaar. An umbrella or a life was very much at his service; but he needed not the one, and had neither time nor disposition to play on the other. The weaver who had deposited a piece of cloth, the labour of a whole week, required some bread. But the bakers were not yet disciples of the new system, would he have any objection to a tambourine? The cabinet-maker, who had placed in the store a capital chest of drawers, looked forward with considerable glee to a series of legs of mutton. But when he was told that the butchers had not yet become Owenites, and that the market-gardeners continued incredulous, when he looked round and discovered that he could only obtain in exchange for his said chest, a flute or an old coat, or some dozen of list shoes, or half a ton of dog-collars, or a case of dried beetles, or a picture of a shipwreck, or necklaces, or merry-andrews, or some pile of Miss Macauley's pamphlets, he naturally enough kicked up a row. Complaint became contagious among the disciples, riot the order of the day, and the Bazaar the scene of tumult which demanded the interposition of the police. The plain sense of Clerkenwell revolted at the gross imposture of the new Messiah, the Bazaar was shut up once more, and the precious institution was transferred to the West End. Thus the rogue, who is

detected in the city, puts on a new coat and renews his enterprizes in Portman-square. The "Crisis" is still the organ of the gang, assisted by "The Destructive," "The Pioneer," and several other periodical publications, which, though unstamped, comprise all the ordinary topics of newspapers, and are attaining a wide circulation amongst the industrious orders of our population. There is a rude energy in their style, added to a profligate dereliction of morality in their principles, which renders them acceptable to all the discontented men in the country—a numerous as well as an active race of idle libertines, who, having neither character nor property to lose, are fervently looking forward to new revolutions, by which they hope, if they cannot ameliorate their condition, to reduce the happier orders of society to the level of their own wretchedness.

C. H.

Written for the Casket.

MILLENNIUM.

By I. MILLTON.

Traveller stop? the morn is breaking,
Nature from her sleep is waking;

See her sun rise glorious up,
O'er life's sea his beams are throwing,
Gladly now the waves are glowing,
All the world of waters flowing,
Lustered by immortal hope.

Hail the long predicted morning,
All the moral waste adorning,
Sprinkling heavenly brightness there;
Soft the light through ether spreading,
Slowly on the darkness treading,
Chasing gloom and glory shedding,
Brilliant on the ambient air.

From Heaven's throne in clusters beaming,
Thousand hued the rays are screaming,
Sainted spirits side by side,—
In shining ranks, are all advancing,
Lightly on the glory dancing,
The glittering host with tread entrancing,
Revel on the radiant tide.

Holy harps in sweetest numbers,
Waking sleepers from their slumbers,
Rise the richest notes of song;
The vaulted heavens ring with praises,
Loud the mighty anthem raises,
Holy harps in holy praises,
Bear the sacred sounds along.

The banner of the cross unfurling,
Bloodless on the air is curling,—
Waving on its glorious fame,
Before it Islam's power is falling,
Allah's honours all are thralling,
Jew and Moslem both are calling
On the true Messiah's name.

See the son of God ascending,
All the ransom'd throng attending;
Lo! he grasps the sceptre now,
Multitudes in light are winging—
Seraphim sweet incense flinging,
Oberabim new honours bringing,
Binds them on Messiah's brow.

Harps of heaven in hallowed numbers,
Burst the world's protracted slumbers,
Call the dead in sin to rise;
Thousands who with woe are sweeping,
In the shades of death were sleeping,
Wakened from their dreams, are keeping
The sacred Sabbath of the skies.

DREAMS.

Dreams have at all times excited the attention of the ignorant—they have been regarded as omens of coming events, and have in many instances been productive of the most melancholy instances. A dream has sometimes put whole families in agitation and alarm for a week. Before its magic influence, appetite, pleasure and peace have vanished—weddings have been suspended, journeys postponed, and the great business and duties of life, have been interrupted by these sleeping phantasies of the mind, these visionary creations of a disturbed and excited brain. In former times and ages they received more attention than at the present,—and this change in opinion in regard to their influence, has arisen from the more advanced state of knowledge of the present to past periods. The philosophy of dreaming is now better understood than formerly, and medical physiologists of the present day ascribe them to the activity of certain organs of the brain, during sleep, which should be in a state of repose. Our space will not admit of our enlarging upon this, or we could readily show that dreams are occasioned by natural causes, and that the prevention of their recurrence may be secured by proper means. For the entertainment of our readers we select a chapter from a work on the philosophy of sleep, entitled "Prophetic Power of Dreams."

DREAMS have been looked upon by some, as the occasional means of giving us an insight into futurity. This opinion is so singularly unphilosophical, that I would not have noticed it, were it not advocated even by persons of good sense and education. In ancient times, it was so common as to obtain universal belief; and the greatest men placed as implicit faith in it as in any fact of which their own senses afforded them cognizance. That it is wholly erroneous, however, cannot be doubted; and any person who examines the nature of the human mind, and the manner in which it operates in dreams, must be convinced, that under no circumstances, except those of a miracle, in which the ordinary laws of nature are triumphed over, can such an event ever take place. The Sacred Writings testify that miracles were common in former times; but I believe no man of sane mind will contend that they ever occur in the present state of the world. In judging of things as now constituted, we must discard supernatural influence altogether, and estimate events according to the general laws which the Great Ruler of Nature has appointed for the guidance of the universe. If, in the present day, it were possible to conceive a suspension of these laws, it must, as in former ages, be in reference to some great event, and to serve some mighty purpose connected with the general interests of the human race; but if faith is to be placed in modern miracles, we must suppose that God suspended the above laws for the most trivial and useless of purpose—as, for instance, to intimate to a man that his grandmother will die on a particular day, that a favorite mare has broke her neck, that he has received a present of a

brace of game, or that a certain friend will step in and take pot luck with him on the morrow.

At the same time, there can be no doubt that many circumstances occurring in our dreams have been actually verified; but this must be regarded as altogether the effect of chance; and for one dream which turns out to be true, at least a thousand are false. In fact, it is only when they are of the former description, that we take any notice of them; the latter are looked upon as mere idle vagaries, and speedily forgotten. If a man, for instance, dreams that he has gained a law-suit in which he is engaged, and if this circumstance actually takes place, there is nothing at all extraordinary in the coincidence; his mind was full of the subject, and, in sleep, naturally resolved itself into that train of ideas in which it was most deeply interested. Or if we have a friend engaged in war, our fear for his safety will lead us to dream of death or captivity, and we may see him bent up in a hostile prison-house, or lying dead upon the battle plain. And should these melancholy catastrophes ensue we call our vision to memory; and, in the excited state of mind into which we are thrown, are apt to consider it as a prophetic warning, indicative of disaster. The following is a very good illustration of this particular point.

Miss M—, a young lady, a native of Rosshire, was deeply in love with an officer who accompanied Sir John Moore in the Peninsular war. The constant danger to which he was exposed, had an evident effect upon her spirits. She became pale and melancholy in perpetually brooding over his fortunes; and, in spite of all that reason could do, felt a certain conviction, that when she last parted with her lover, she had parted with him forever. In vain was every scheme tried to dispel from her mind the awful idea; in vain were all the sights which opulence could command, unfolded before her eyes. In the midst of pomp and gaiety, when music and laughter echoed around her, she walked as a pensive phantom, over whose head some dreadful and mysterious influence hung. She was brought by her affectionate parents to Edinburgh, and introduced into all the gaiety of that metropolis, but nothing could restore her, or banish from her mind the insupportable load which oppressed it. The song and the dance were tried in vain; they only aggravated her distress, and made the bitterness of despair more poignant. In a surprisingly short period, her graceful form declined into all the appalling characteristics of a fatal illness; and she seemed rapidly hastening to the grave, when a dream confirmed the horrors she had long anticipated, and gave the finishing stroke to her sorrows. One night, after falling asleep, she imagined she saw her lover, pale, bloody, and wounded in the breast, enter her apartment. He drew aside the curtains of the bed, and with a look of the utmost mildness, informed her that he had been slain in battle, desiring her, at the same time, to comfort herself, and not take his death too seriously to heart. It is needless to say what influence this vision had upon a mind so replete with woe. It withered it entirely, and the unfortunate girl died a few days thereafter, but not without desiring her parents to note down

the day of the month on which it happened, and see if it would be confirmed, as she confidently declared it would. Her anticipation was correct, for accounts were shortly after received that the young man was slain at the battle of Corrunna, which was fought on the very day, on the night of which his mistress had beheld the vision.

This relation, which may be confidently relied upon, is one of the most striking examples of identity between the dream and the real circumstances with which I am acquainted, but it must be looked upon as merely accidental. The lady's mind was deeply interested in the fate of her lover, and full of that event which she most deeply dreaded—his death. The time of this occurrence, as coinciding with her dream, is certainly curious; but still there is nothing in it which can justify us in referring it to any other origin than chance. The following events, which occurred to myself, in August 1821, are almost equally remarkable, and are imputable to the same fortuitous cause.

I was then in Caithness, when I dreamed that a near relation of my own, residing three hundred miles off, had suddenly died: and immediately thereafter awoke in a state of inconceivable terror, similar to that produced by a paroxysm of nightmare. The same day, happening to be writing home, I mentioned the circumstance in a half-jesting, half-earnest way. To tell the truth, I was afraid to be serious, lest I should be laughed at for putting any faith in dreams. However, in the interval between writing and receiving an answer, I remained in a state of most unpleasant suspense. I felt a presentiment that something dreadful had happened, or would happen; and although I could not help blaming myself for a childish weakness in so feeling, I was unable to get rid of the painful idea which had taken such rooted possession of my mind. Three days after sending away the letter, what was my astonishment when I received one written the day subsequent to mine, and stating that the relative of whom I had dreamed, had been struck with a fatal shock of palsy the day before—viz. the very day on the morning of which I had beheld the appearance in my dream! My friends received my letter two days after sending their own away, and were naturally astonished at the circumstance. I may state that my relation was in perfect health before the fatal event took place. It came upon him like a thunderbolt, at a period when no one could have the slightest anticipation of danger.

The following case will interest the reader, both on its own account, and from the remarkable coincidence between the dream and the succeeding calamity; but, like all other instances of the kind, this also must be referred to chance.

"Being in company the other day, when the conversation turned upon dreams, I related one, which, as it happened to my own father, I can answer for the perfect truth of it. About the year 1731, my father, Mr. D. of K—, in the County of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh to attend the classes, having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment then in the Castle, and remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Griffiths, during the win-

ter. When spring arrived, Mr. D. and three or four young gentlemen from England, (his inmates,) made parties to visit all the neighboring places about Edinburgh, Roslin, Arthur's Seat, Craig-Millar, &c. &c. Coming home one evening from some of those places, Mr. D. said, 'We have made a party to go a-fishing to Inch-Keith to-morrow, if the morning is fine, and have bespoken our boat; we shall be off at six; no objection being made, they separated for the night.'

"Mrs. Griffiths, had not been long asleep, till she screamed out in the most violent agitated manner, 'The boat is sinking; save, oh, save them!' The Major awoke her, and said, 'Were you uneasy about the fishing party?' 'Oh no,' said she, I had not once thought of it.' She then composed herself, and soon fell asleep again: in about an hour, she cried out in a dreadful fright, 'I see the boat is going down.' The Major again awoke her, and she said, 'It has been owing to the other dream I had; for I feel no uneasiness about it.' After some conversation, they both fell sound asleep, but no rest could be obtained for her; in the most extreme agony, she again screamed, 'They are gone; the boat is sunk!' When the Major awakened her, she said, 'Now I cannot rest; Mr. D. must not go, for I feel, should he go, I would be miserable till his return; the thoughts of it would almost kill me.'

"She instantly arose, threw on her wrapping-down, and with great difficulty she got his promise to remain at home. 'But what am I to say to my young friends whom I was to meet at Leith at six o'clock?' 'With great truth you may say your aunt is ill, for I am so at present; consider, you are an only son, under our protection, and should any thing happen to you, it would be my death,' Mr. D. immediately wrote a note to his friends, saying he was prevented from joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The morning came in most beautifully, and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose, and in an instant the boat, and all that were in it, went to the bottom, and were never heard of, nor was any part of it ever seen."*

Equally singular is the following case, from the "Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe."

"My mother being sick to death of a fever, three months after I was born, which was the occasion she gave me suck no longer, her friends and servants thought to all outward appearance she was dead, and so lay almost two days and a night; but Dr. Winston coming to comfort my father, went into my mother's room, and looking earnestly on her face, said, 'She was so handsome, and now looks so lovely, I cannot think she is dead;' and suddenly took a lancet out of his pocket, and with it cut the sole of her foot, which bled. Upon this, he immediately caused her to be laid upon the bed again, and to be rubbed, and by such means, as she came to life, and opening her eyes, saw two of her kinswomen stand by her, My Lady Knollys and my Lady Russell, both with great wide sleeves, as the fashion then was, and said, 'Did not you promise me fifteen years, and are you come again?'

* "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine," vol. xix. p. 73.

which they not understanding, persuaded her to keep her spirits quiet in that great weakness wherein she then was; but some hours after, she desired my father and Dr. Howlworth might be left alone with her, to whom she said, 'I will acquaint you, that during the time of my trance I was in great quiet, but in a place I could neither distinguish nor describe; but the sense of leaving my girl, who is deared to me than all my children, remained a trouble upon my spirits. Suddenly I saw two by me, clothed in long white garments, and methought I fell down upon my face upon the dust; and they asked why I was so troubled in so great happiness. I replied, O let me have the same grant given to Hezekiah, that I may live fifteen years to see my daughter a woman: to which they answered, it is done: and then, at that instant, I awoke out of my trance!' and Dr. Howlworth did there affirm, that that day she died made just fifteen years from that time."

A sufficiently striking instance of such coincidence occurs in the case of Dr. Donne, the metaphysical poet; but I believe that, in this case, it was a spectral illusion rather than a common dream. Two days after he had arrived in Paris, he was left alone in a room where he had been dining with Sir Robert Drury and a few companions. "Sir Robert turned about an hour afterwards. He found his friend in a state of ecstacy, and so altered in his countenance, that he could not look at him without amazement. The Doctor was not able for some time to answer the question, *what had befallen him?*—but after a long and perplexed pause, at last said, 'I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. This I have seen since I saw you.' To which Sir Robert answered, 'Sure, Sir, you have slept since I went out; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake.' Donne replied, 'I cannot be more sure that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and am as sure that at her second appearance she stopped, looked me in the face and vanished.'"

It is certainly very curious that Mrs. Donne, who was then in England, was at this time sick in bed, and had been delivered of a dead child, on the same day, and about the same hour, that the vision occurred. There were distressing circumstances in the marriage of Dr. Donne which account for his mind being strongly impressed with the image of his wife, to whom he was exceedingly attached; but these do not render the coincidence above related less remarkable.

I do not doubt that the apparition of Julius Cæsar, which appeared to Brutus, and declared it would meet him at Philippi, was either a dream or a spectral illusion—probably the latter. Brutus, in all likelihood, had some idea that the battle which was to decide his fate would be fought at Philippi: probably it was a good military position, which he had fixed upon as a fit place to make a final stand; and he had done enough to Cæsar to account for his own mind being painfully and constantly engrossed with

the image of the assassinated Dictator. Hence the verification of this supposed warning—hence the easy explanation of a supposed supernatural event.

At Newark-upon-Trent, a curious custom, founded upon the preservation of Alderman Clay and his family by a dream, has prevailed since the days of Cromwell. On the 11th March, every year, penny loaves are given away to any one who choose to appear at the town hall and apply for them, in commemoration of the alderman's deliverance, during the siege of Newark by the parliamentary forces. This gentleman, by will, dated 11th December, 1694, gave to the mayor and aldermen one hundred pounds, the interest of which was to be given to the vicar yearly, on condition of his preaching an annual sermon. Another hundred pounds were also appropriated for the behoof of the poor, in the way above mentioned. The origin of this bequest is singular. During the bombardment of Newark, Oliver Cromwell's forces, the alderman dreamed three nights successively that his house had taken fire, which produced such a vivid impression upon his mind, that he and his family left it; and in a few days the circumstances of his vision actually took place, by the house being burned down by the besiegers.

Dr. Abercrombie relates the case of a gentleman in Edinburgh, who was affected with an aneurism of the popliteal artery, for which he was under the care of two eminent surgeons. About two days before the time appointed for the operation, his wife dreamed that a change had taken place in the disease, in consequence of which an operation would not be required. "On examining the tumor in the morning, the gentleman was astonished to find that the pulsation had entirely ceased; and, in short, this turned out to be a spontaneous cure. To persons not professional, it may be right to mention that the cure of popliteal aneurism, without an operation, is a very uncommon occurrence, not happening, perhaps in one out of numerous instances, and never to be looked upon as probable in any individual case. It is likely, however, that the lady had heard of the possibility of such a termination, and that her anxiety had very naturally embodied this into a dream: the fulfilment of it, at the very time when the event took place, is certainly a very remarkable coincidence."*

Persons are said to have had the period of their own death pointed out to them in dreams. I have often heard the case of the late Mr. M. of D———related in support of this statement. It is certainly worth telling, not on account of any supernatural character belonging to it, but simply from the extraordinary coincidence between the dream and the subsequent event. This gentleman dreamed one night that he was out riding, when he stopped at an inn on the road side for refreshment, where he saw several people whom he had known some years before, but who were all dead. He was received kindly by them, and desired to sit down and drink, which he accordingly did. On quitting this strange

* Hibberts philosophy of Apparitions, p. 435

* Abercrombie's Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, p. 282, 1st edit.

company, they exacted a promise from him that he would visit them that day six weeks. This he promised to do; and, bidding them farewell, he rode homewards. Such was the substance of his dream, which he related in a jocular way to his friends, but thought no more about it, for he was a person above all kind of superstition. The event, however, was certainly curious enough, as well as melancholy; for on that very day six weeks on which he had engaged to meet his friends at the inn, he was killed in attempting to spring his horse over a five-barred gate. The famous case of Lord Lyttleton* is also cited as an example of a similar kind, but with less show of reason, for this case is now very generally supposed to be an imposition; and so will almost every other of the same kind, if narrowly investigated. At the same time, I do not mean to doubt that such an event, foretold in a dream, may occasionally come to pass; but I would refer the whole to fortuitous coincidence. Men dream, every now and then, that they will die on a certain day, yet how seldom do we see those predictions fulfilled by the result! In very delicate people, indeed, such a visionary communication, by acting fatally upon the mind, might be the means of occasioning its own fulfilment. In such cases, it has been customary for the friends of the individual to put back the clock an hour or two, so as to let the fatal period pass by without his being aware of it; and as soon as it was fairly passed, to inform him of the circumstance, and laugh him out of his apprehension.

There is another way in which the apparent fulfilment of a dream may be brought about. A good illustration in point is given by Mr. Combe. The subject of it was one Scott, executed in 1823, at Sedburg, for murder. "It is stated in his life, that, some years before the fatal event, he had dreamed that he had committed a murder, and was greatly impressed with the idea. He frequently spoke of it, and recurred to it as something ominous, till at last it was realized. The organ of *Destructiveness* was large in his head, and so active that he was an enthusiast in poaching, and prone to outrage and violence in his habitual conduct. This activity of the organ might take place during sleep, and then it would inspire his mind with destructive feelings, and the dream of murder would be the consequence. From the great natural strength of the propensity, he probably may have felt, when awake, an inward tendency to this crime; and, joining this and the dream together, we can easily account for the strong impression left by the latter on his mind."

One method in which death may appear to be

*Of late it has been said and published, that the unfortunate nobleman had previously determined to take poison, and of course, had it in his own power to ascertain the execution of the prediction. It was, no doubt singular, that a man, who meditated his exit from the world, should have chosen to play such a trick upon his friends. But it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing, than that a messenger should be sent from the dead, to tell a libertine at what precise hour he should expire." *Scott's letters on Demonology*, p. 361.

†Combe's *System of Phrenology*, p. 511, 3d edit.

foretold is, by the accession of frightful visions immediately before the fatal illness. This, however, goes for nothing in the way of argument, for it was the state of the system shortly before the attack of disease which induced such dreams. According to Silimaches, the epidemic fever which prevailed at Rome was ushered in by attacks of nightmare; and Sylvius Deleboe, who describes the epidemic which raged at Leyden in 1669, states, that previous to each paroxysm of the fever, the patient fell asleep, and suffered a severe attack of nightmare. The vulgar belief, therefore, that unpleasant dreams are ominous death, is not destitute of foundation; but the cause why they should be so is perfectly natural. It is the incipient disease which produces the dreams, and the fatal event which often follows, is a natural consequence of that disease.

It is undoubtedly owing to the faculty possessed by sleep, of renewing long-forgotten ideas, that persons have had important facts communicated to them in dreams. There have been instances, for example, where valuable documents, sums of money, &c., have been concealed, and where either the person who secreted them, or he who had the place of their concealment communicated to him, may have forgotten every thing therewith connected. He may then torture his mind in vain, during the waking state, to recollect the event; and it may be brought to his remembrance, at once, in a dream. In such cases, an apparition is generally the medium through which the seemingly mysterious knowledge is communicated. The imagination conjures up some phantom that discloses the secret; which circumstance, proceeding, in reality, from a simple operation of the mind, is straightway converted into something supernatural, and invested with all the attributes of wonder and awe. When such spectral forms appear, and communicate some fact which turns out to be founded on truth, the person is not always aware that the whole occurred in a dream, but often fancies that he was broad awake when the apparition appeared to him and communicated the particular intelligence. When we hear, therefore, of hidden treasures, wills, &c., being disclosed in such a manner, we are not always to scout the report as false. The spectre divulging the intelligence was certainly the mere chimera of the dreamer's brain, but the facts revealed, apparently by this phantom, may from the above circumstance, be substantially true. The following curious case is strikingly in point, and is given by Sir Walter Scott in his notes to the new edition of "The Antiquary."

"Mr. R——d of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the Vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of tiend, (or tithe,) for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the titulars (lay proprietors of the tithes.) Mr. R——d was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the titular, and, therefore, that the present prosecution was groundless. But after an industrious search among his father's papers,

an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his lawsuit to be inevitable, and he formed the determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with the resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose. His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind. In dreams, men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr. R—d thought that he informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding, that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. 'You are right, my son,' replied the paternal shade; 'I did acquire right to these funds, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in hands of Mr. —, a writer, (or attorney,) who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible,' pursued the vision that 'that Mr. — may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern.'

"Mr. R—d awoke in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to walk across the country to Inveresk, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there, he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man. Without saying anything of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his diseased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollection, but on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them—so that Mr. R—d carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing.

"The author has often heard this story told by persons who had the best success to know the facts, who were not likely themselves to be deceived, and were certainly incapable of deception. He cannot, therefore, refuse to give it credit, however extraordinary the circumstances may appear. The circumstantial character of the information given in the dream, takes it out of the general class of impressions of the kind, which are occasioned by the fortuitous coincidence of actual events with our sleeping thoughts. On the other hand, few will suppose that the laws of nature were suspended, and a

special communication from the dead to the living permitted, for the purpose of saving Mr. R—d a certain number of hundred pounds. The author's theory is, that the dream was only the recapitulation of information which Mr. R—d had really received from his father while in life, but which at first he merely recalled as a general impression that the claim was settled. It is not uncommon for persons to recover, during sleep, the thread of ideas which they have lost during their waking hours. It may be added, that this remarkable circumstance was attended with bad consequences to Mr. R—d; whose health and spirits were afterwards impaired, by the attention which he thought himself obliged to pay to the visions of the night." This result is a melancholy proof of the effect sometimes produced by ignorance of natural laws. Had Mr. R—d been acquainted with the nature of the brain, and of the manner in which it is affected in sleep, the circumstance above related would have given him no annoyance. He would have traced the whole chain of events to their true source; but, being ignorant of this, he became the victim of superstition, and his life was rendered miserable.

From the New England Weekly Review.

STANZAS,

On seeing a group of Girls kneeling in silent Prayer.

Look—they are kneeling—and each brow is coerced
With the white hands that press them—and an awe,
Rests on their souls, as if above them hovered
The Holy Spirit, visibly, to draw
The young affections of their guiltless bosoms.
The ardent hopes that burn within each breast,
From earthly treasures, to those fadeless blossoms
That wreath the bowers of everlasting rest!

Still—still—as if each spirit held communion
In silence with its God!—or else had flown
Away from Earth to seek a closer union
With him that sits upon that dazzling Throne
Before which angels and archangels, bending,
Offer perpetual worship!—while abroad
Through Heaven's bright regions, harp with voices
bleeding,
Pour loud hosannahs to the living God!

A hallow breeze, with fragrance richly laden,
Comes as from Heaven, to greet those kneeling girls,
And, as it softly passes by, each maiden
Feels its air-fingers dallying with her curls—
But feels it not, unless, perchance, her spirit
Deems it a whisper from another world,
Which the pure-hearted shall alone inherit,
When Earth to utter nothing shall be hurled!

Are they not beautiful!—nor noise, nor motion
Is there—and yet those silent worshippers
Feel their hearts burning with as pure devotion
As e'er was uttered—and the love that stirs
Each humble spirit, is a flame from Heaven
Lit on the altar of the human heart.
Oh! bright will be the hope that shall be given
To those pure girls—and theirs the "better part."

Do they—the guiltless—guiltless—whose existence
Hath been a summer morning, cloudless bright,
Do they, while gazing in the forward distance
On future scenes of joyance and delight,
Feel they have sins which need to be forgiven?
That in God's mercy they alone can trust?
If they need grace to fit their souls for Heaven
Be my proud spirit humbled in the dust.

UNISFAIL

BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNENS OF NASSAU.

One of the most entertaining books of the day is now in the course of publication in Waldie's popular Select Circulating Library. It is entitled "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau," and describes the society, manners and customs of the fashionable society at the watering places of Germany, with a description of the country, the celebrated Seltzer Springs of Nassau, &c. It is said in the title, to be by "an old man," who is thus represented blowing his bubbles:



Major Head, the celebrated traveller, is said to be the author; the following account of the Schwein-General, or pig-keeper, of one of the villages, is surely an amusing sketch:—

THE SCHWEIN-GENERAL.

Every morning at half-past five o'clock, I hear as I am dressing, the sudden blast of an immense long wooden horn, from which always proceed the same four notes. I have got quite accustomed to this wild reveille, and the vibration has scarcely subsided, it is still ringing among the distant hills, when, leisurely proceeding from almost every door in the street, behold a pig! Some from their jaded, care-worn, dragged appearance, are evidently leaving behind them a numerous litter; others are great, tall, monastic, melancholy-looking creatures, which seem to have no other object left in this wretched world than to become bacon; while others are thin, tiny, light-hearted, brisk, petulant piglings, with the world and all its loves and sorrows before them. Of their own accord these creatures proceed down the street to join the herdsman, who occasionally continues to repeat the sorrowful blast from his horn.

Gregarious, or naturally fond of society, with one curl in their tails, and with their noses almost touching the ground, the pig trot on, grunting to themselves and to their comrades, halting only whenever they come to any thing they can manage to swallow.

I have observed that the old ones pass all the carcasses, which, trailing to the ground, are hanging to the butchers' shops, as if they were on a sort of *parole d'honneur* not to touch them; the middle-aged ones wistfully eye this meat, yet jog on also, while the piglings, who (so like mankind) have more appetite than judgment, can rarely resist taking a nibble; yet, no sooner does the dead calf begin again to move, than from the window immediately above, one pops the head of a butcher, who, drinking his coffee, whip in hand, inflicts a prompt punishment, sounding quite equal to the offence.

As I have stated, the pigs, generally speaking, proceed of their own accord; but shortly after they have passed, there comes down our street, a little bareheaded, barefooted, stunted dab of a child, about eleven years old,—a Flibbertigibbet sort of creature, which in a drawing, one would express by a couple of blots, the small one for her head, the other for her body; while, streaming from the latter, there would be a long line ending in a flourish, to express the immense whip which the child carries in its hand. This little goblin page, the whipper-in, attendant, or aide-camp of the pig-driver, facetiously called at *Langen-Schwalbach*, the "Schwein-General," is a being no one looks at, and who looks at nobody. Whether the hofs of *Schwalbach* are full of strangers, or empty—whether the promenades are occupied by princes or peasants—whether the weather be good or bad, hot, or rainy, she apparently never stops to consider: upon such vague subjects, it is evident she never for a moment has reflected. But such a pair of eyes, for a pig, have perhaps seldom beamed from human sockets! The little intelligent urchin knows every house from which a pig ought to have proceeded; she can tell by the door being open or shut, and even by footmarks, whether the creature has joined the herd, or whether, having overslept itself, it is still snoring in its sty;—a single glance determines whether she shall pass a yard or enter it; and if a pig, from indolence or greediness, be loitering on the road, the sting of the wasp cannot be sharper or more spiteful than the cut she gives it. As soon as finishing with one street, she joins her general in the main road, the herd slowly proceed down the town.

As I followed them this morning, they really appeared to have no hams at all; their bodies were as if they had been squeezed in a vice; and when they turned sideways, their long sharp noses, and tucked-up bellies, gave to their profile the appearance of starved greyhounds.

As I gravely followed this grunting, unearthly-looking herd of unclean spirits, through that low part of *Langen-Schwalbach* which is solely inhabited by Jews, I could not help fancying that I observed them holding their very breaths, as if a loathsome pestilence were passing; for though fat pork be a wicked luxury—a forbidden pleasure which the Jew has been supposed occasion-

ally to indulge in, yet one may easily imagine, that such very lean hungry pigs have not charms enough to lead them astray.

Besides the little girl who brought up the rear, the herd was preceded by a boy about fourteen, whose duty it was not to let the foremost, the more enterprising, or in other words, the most empty pig, advance too fast. In the middle of the drove, surrounded like a shepherd by his flock, slowly stalked the "SCHWEIN-GENERAL," a wan spectre-looking old man, worn out, or nearly so, by the arduous and every-day duty of conducting, against their wills, a gang of exactly the most obstinate animals in creation. A single glance at his jaundiced, ill-natured countenance, was sufficient to satisfy one that his temper had been soured by the vexatious contrarieties and "untoward events" it had met with. In his left hand he held a staff to help himself onwards, while round his right shoulder hung one of the most terrific whips that could possibly be constructed. At the end of a short handle, turning upon a swivel, there was a lash about nine feet long, formed like the vertebrae of a snake, each joint being an iron ring, which, decreasing in size, was closely connected with its neighbour by a band of hard greasy leather. The pliability, the weight, and the force of this iron whip, rendered it an argument which the obstinacy even of the pig was unable to resist; yet, as the old man proceeded down the town, he endeavoured to speak kindly to the herd; and, as the bulk of them preceded him, jostling each other, grumbling and grunting on their way, he occasionally exclaimed, in a low, hollow, worn-out tone of encouragement, "Nina! Anina!" (drawing, of course, very long on the last syllable.)

If any little savoury morsel caused a contention, stoppage, or constipation on the march, the old fellow slowly unwound his dreadful whip, and by merely whirling it round his head, like reading the Riot Act, he generally succeeded in dispersing the crowd; but if they neglected this solemn warning, if their stomachs proved stronger than their judgements, and if the group of greedy pigs still continued to stagnate—"Arriff!" the old fellow exclaimed, and rushing forwards, the lash whirling round his head, he inflicted, with strength which no one could have fancied he possessed, a smack that seemed absolutely to electrify the leader. As lightning shoots across the heavens, I observed the culprit fly forwards, and for many yards continuing to slide towards the left, it was quite evident that the thorn was still smarting in his side; and no wonder, poor fellow! for the blow he received would almost have cut a piece out of a deer.

As soon as the herd got out of the town, they began gradually to ascend the rocky barren mountain which appeared towering above them; and then the labours of the Schwein-general and his staff became greater than ever; for, as the animals from their solid column began to extend or deploy themselves into line, it was necessary constantly to ascend and descend the slippery hill, in order to outflank them. "Arriff!" vociferated the old man, striding after one of his rebellious subjects; "Arriff!" in a shrill tone of voice was re-echoed by the lad, as

he ran after another; however, in due time, the drove reached the ground which was devoted for that day's exercise, the whole mountain being thus taken in regular succession.

The Schwein-general now halted, and the pigs being no longer called upon to advance, but being left entirely to their own notions, I became exceedingly anxious attentively to observe them.

No wonder, poor reflecting creatures! that they had come unwillingly to such a spot—for there appeared literally to be nothing for them to eat but hot stones and dust; however, making the best of the bargain, they all very vigorously set themselves to work. Looking up the hill, they dexterously began to lift up with their snouts the largest of the loose stones, and then grubbing their noses into the cool ground, I watched their proceedings for a very long time. Their tough wet snouts seemed to be sensible of the quality of every thing they touched; and thus, out of the apparently barren ground, they managed to get fibres of roots, to say nothing of worms, beetles, or any other travelling insects they met with. As they slowly advanced working up the hill, their ears most philosophically shading their eyes from the hot sun, I could not help feeling how little we appreciate the delicacy of several of their senses, and the extreme acuteness of their instinct.

In this situation do the pigs remain every morning for four hours, enjoying little else than air and exercise. At about nine or ten o'clock, they begin their march homewards, and nothing can form a greater contrast than their entry into their native town does to their exit from it.

Their eager anxiety to get to the dinner-trough that awaits them, is almost ungovernable; and they no sooner reach the first houses of the town, than a sort of "sauve qui peut" motion takes place; away each then starts towards his dolce domum: and it is really curious to stand still and watch how very quickly they canter by, greedily grunting and snuffing, as if they could smell with their stomachs, as well as their noses, the savoury food which was awaiting them.

At half-past four, the same four notes of the same horn are heard again; the pigs once more assemble—once more tumble over the hot stones on the mountain—once more remain there for four hours—and in the evening once again return to their styes.

Such is the life of the pigs, not only of Langen-Schwalbach, but of those of every village throughout a great part of Germany: every day of their existence, summer and winter, is spent in the manner I have described. The squad consists here of about a hundred and fifty, and for each pig the poor old Schwein-general receives forty kreutzers, (about 13d.) for six months' drilling of each recruit. This income, therefore, is about 20*l.* a year, out of which he is to pay the board, lodging and clothing, of his two aids-de-camp; and when one considers how unremittingly this poor fellow-creature has to contend with the gross appetites, sulky tempers, and pig-headed dispositions of the swinish multitude, surely not even the most niggardly reformer, would wish to curtail his emoluments.

THE BEGGAR.

From the French.

Not long since an old beggar, named James, was in the daily habit of placing himself at the principal gate of a church in Paris. His manners, tone and language, showed that he had received an education far superior to that which is the ordinary lot of poverty. Under his rags, which were worn with certain dignity, shone a still living recollection of a more elevated condition. This beggar also enjoyed great authority among the paupers belonging to the parish. His kindness, his impartiality in distributing alms among his fellow paupers, his zeal in appeasing their quarrels, had earned for him well-merited respect. Yet his life and misfortunes were a complete mystery to his most intimate comrades, as well as to the persons attached to the parish. Every morning for twenty-five years, he regularly came and sat down at the same place. People were so accustomed to see him there, that he made, as it were, part of the furniture of the porch; yet, none of his fellow-beggars could relate the least particular of his life.

Only one thing was known, James never set his foot in the church, and yet he was catholic. At the time of the religious services, when the sacred dome resounded with hymns of devotion, when the incense, ascending above the altar, with the vows of the faithful towards heaven, when the grave and melodious sound of the organ swelled the solemn chorus of the assembled christians, the beggar felt himself impelled to mingle his prayers with those of the church; with an eager and contented eye, he contemplated from without, the solemnity which the house of God presented. The sparkling reflection of the light through the gothic windows, the shade of the pillars, which had stood here for ages, like a symbol of the eternity of religion, the profound charm attached to the gloomy aspect of the church: every thing inspired the beggar with involuntary admiration. Tears were sometimes perceived to trickle down his wrinkled face; some great misfortune, or some profound remorse seemed to agitate his soul. In the primitive times of the church, he might have been taken for a great criminal condemned to banish himself from the assembly of the faithful; and to pass, like a shade, through the midst of the living.

A clergyman repaired every day to that church to celebrate mass. Descended from one of the most ancient families in France, possessed of an immense fortune, he found a joy in bestowing abundant alms.—The beggar had become the object of a sort of affection, and every morning the Abbe Paulin de Saint —, accompanied with benevolent words his charity, which had become a daily income.

One day James did not appear at the usual hour. The Abbe Paulin, desirous of not losing this opportunity for his charity, sought the dwelling of the beggar, and found the old man lying sick on a couch. The eyes of the clergyman were smitten with the luxury and the misery which appeared in the furniture of that habitation. A magnificent gold watch was suspended over the miserable bolster; two pictures, richly framed, and covered with crape, were placed on a white-washed wall; a crucifix in ivory of beautiful workmanship, was hanging at the feet of the sick man; an antiquated chair, with gothic carvings, and among a few worn out books lay a mass book, with silver clasps; all the remainder of the furniture announced frightful misery. The presence of the priest revived the old man, and with an accent full of gratitude, the latter cried out—

“M. Abbe, you are then kind enough to remember an unhappy man?”

“My friend,” replied M. Paulin, “a priest forgets

none but the happy ones, I come to inquire whether you want any assistance.”

“I want nothing,” answered the beggar, “my death is approaching; my conscience alone is not quiet.”

“Your conscience! have you any great fault to expiate?”

“A crime, an enormous crime, a crime for which my whole life has been a cruel and useless expiation; a crime, beyond pardon!”

“A crime beyond pardon! there does not exist any! The divine mercy is greater than all the crimes of man.”

“But a criminal, polluted with the most horrible crime, what has he to hope for? Pardon? There is none for me.”

“Yes, there is,” cried out the priest with enthusiasm; “to doubt it would be a more horrible blasphemy than your very crime itself. Religion stretches out her arms to repentance. James, if your repentance is sincere implore the divine goodness; it will not abandon you. Make your confession.”

Thereupon the priest uncovered himself, and after pronouncing the sublime words, which open to the penitent the gates of heaven, he listened to the beggar.

“The son of a poor farmer, honoured with the affection of a family of high rank, whose lands my father cultivated, I was from my infancy welcomed at the castle of my masters. Destined to be a valet-de-chambre to the heir of the family, the education they gave me, my rapid progress in study, and the benevolence of my masters, changed my condition; I was raised to the rank of a secretary. I was just turned of twenty-five years of age, when the revolution first broke out in France; my mind was easily seduced by reading the newspapers of that period; my ambition made me tired of my precarious situation. I conceived the project of abandoning for the camp the castle which had been the asylum of my youth. Had I followed that first impulse, ingratitude would have saved me from a crime! The fury of the revolutionists soon spread through the provinces; my masters, fearing to be arrested in their castle, dismissed all their servants. A sum of money was realized in haste, and selecting from among their rich furniture a few articles, precious for family recollections, they went to Paris to seek an asylum in the crowd, and find repose in the obscurity of their dwelling. I followed them, as a child of the homes. Terror reigned uncontrolled throughout France, and nobody knew the place of concealment of my masters. Inscribed on the list of emigrants, confiscation had soon devoured their property; but it was nothing to them, for they were together, tranquil and unknown. Animated by a lively faith in Providence, they lived in the expectation of better times. Vain hope! the only person who could reveal their retreat, and snare them from their asylum, had the baseness to denounce them.—This informer is myself. The father, the mother, four daughters, angels in beauty and innocence, and a young boy, of ten years of age, were thrown together into a dungeon, and delivered up to the horrors of captivity. Their trial commenced.

The most frivolous pretences were then sufficient to condemn the innocent; yet the public accuser could hardly find one motive for prosecution against that noble and virtuous family. A man was found, who was the confidant of their secrets and their most intimate thoughts; he magnified the most simple circumstances of their lives into guilt, and invented the frivolous crimes of conspiracy. This calumniator, this false witness, I am he. The fatal sentence of death was passed upon the whole family, except the young son an unhappy orphan, destined to weep the loss of all his kindred, and to curse his assassin, if he ever knew him. Reigning, and finding consolation in their virtues, that unfor-

tanate family expected death in prison. A mistake took place in the order of the executions. The day appointed for theirs, passed over, and if nobody had meddled with it, they would have escaped the scaffold, it being the eve of the ninth of Thermidor.

A man, impatient to enrich himself with their spoils, repaired to the revolutionary tribunal, caused the error to be rectified; his seal was rewarded with a diploma of civism. The order for their execution was delivered immediately, and on that very evening the frightful justice of these times had its course. The wicked informer, I am he. At the close of the day, by torch light, the fatal cart transported that family to death!—The father, with the impress of profound sorrow on his brow, pressed in his arms his two youngest daughters: the mother a heroic and christian-like woman, did the same with the two eldest; and all mingling their recollections, their tears and their hopes, were repeating the funeral prayers. They did not even once utter the name of their assassin. And it was late, the execution. Little accustomed to the horrible work, the valet, on the way, begged the assistance of a passer-by. The latter consented to help him in his ignoble function. This man, is myself. The reward of so many crimes was a sum of three thousand francs in gold; and the precious articles, still deposited here around me are the witnesses of my guilt.

After I had committed this crime, I tried to bury the recollection of it in debauchery; the gold obtained by my infamous conduct was hardly spent, when remorse took possession of my soul. No project, no enterprise, no labour of mine, was crowned with success. I became poor and infirm. Charity allowed me a privileged place at the gate of the church, where I have passed so many years. The remembrance of my crime was overwhelming; so poignant, that, despairing of divine goodness, I never dared implore the consolation of religion, nor enter the church. The alms I received, yours especially, Mr. Abbe, aided me to hoard a sum equal to that I stole from my former masters: here it is. The objects of luxury which you remark in my room, this watch, this crucifix, this book, these veiled portraits, were taken from my victims. Oh! how long and profound has my repentance been, but how powerless! M. Abbe, do you believe I can hope pardon from God?"

"My son," replied the Abbe, "your crime, no doubt is frightful: the circumstances of it are atrocious. Orphans, who were deprived of their parents by the revolution, understand better than any one else, all the bitterness of the anguish suffered by your victims! A whole life passed in tears, is not too much for the expiation of such a crime. Yet the treasures of divine mercy are immense. Relying on your repentance, and full of confidence in the inexhaustible goodness of God, I think I can assure you of his pardon."

The priest then rose up. The beggar, as if animated by a new life, got out of bed and knelt down. The Abbe Paulin de Saint C. was going to pronounce the powerful words which bind or loosen the sins of man, when the beggar cried out:

"Father, wait! before I receive God's pardon, let me get rid of the fruit of my crimes. Take these objects, sell them, distribute the price to the poor."—In his hasty movements, the beggar snatched away the crape which covered the two pictures. "Behold!" said he—"behold the august images of my masters!"

At the sight, the Abbe Paulin de Saint C. let these words escape:—"My father! my mother!"

Immediately, the remembrance of that horrible catastrophe, the presence of the assassin, the sight of those objects, seized upon the soul of the priest, and yielding to an unexpected emotion, he fell upon a chair. His head leaning on his hands, he shed abundant tears; a deep wound had opened afresh in his heart.

The beggar, overpowered, not daring to lift up his

looks on the son of his masters, on the terrible and angry judge, who owed him vengeance rather than pardon, rolled himself at his feet, bedewed them with tears, and repeated in a tone of despair—"My master! my master!"

The priest endeavored, without looking at him, to check his grief. The beggar cried out:

"Yes, I am an assassin, a monster, an infamous wretch! M. Abbe dispose of my life! What must I do to avenge you?"

"Avenge me!" replied the priest, recalled to himself by these words—"avenge me, unhappy man!"

"Was I not then right in saying that my crime was beyond pardon? I knew it well, that religion itself would repulse me. Repentance will avail nothing to a criminal of so deep a dye; there is no forgiveness for me—no more pardon—no forgiveness?"

These last words, pronounced with a terrible accent, reached to the soul of the priest, his mission and his duties. The struggle between filial grief and the exercise of his sacred functions ceased immediately. Human weakness had for a moment claimed the tear of the saddened son. Religion then stirred the soul of the servant of God. The priest took hold of the crucifix, his paternal inheritance, which had fallen into the hands of this unhappy man, and presenting it to the beggar, he said, in the strong accents of emotion: "Christian, is your repentance sincere?"

"Yes."

"Is your crime the object of profound horror?"

"Yes."

"Our God, immolated on this cross by men, grant you pardon! Finish your confession."

Then the priest, with one hand uplifted over the beggar, holding in the other the sign of our redemption, bade the divine mercy descend on the assassin of his whole family!

With his face against the earth, the beggar remained immovable at the priest's feet. The latter stretched out his hand to raise him up—he was no more!—*N. Y. Mirror.*

THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mothers! oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we seek it, and weep no more!
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or, midst the green Islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And diamonds light up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

From Bulwer's New Work, the Pilgrims of the Rhine.

THE SOUL IN PURGATORY;

OR, LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

The angels strung their harps in Heaven, and their music went up like a stream of odours to the pavilions of the Most High. But the harp of Seralim was sweeter than that of his fellows, and the voice of the Invisible One (for the angels themselves know not the glories of Jehovah—only far in the depths of Heaven, they see one Unsleeping Eye watching for ever over creation) was heard, saying,

"Ask a gift for the love that burns upon thy song, and it shall be given thee."

And Seralim answered—

"There are in that place which men call Purgatory, and which is the escape from Hell, but the painful Porch of Heaven, many souls that adore Thee, and yet are punished justly for their sins: grant me the boon to visit them at times, and solace their suffering by the hymns of the harp that is consecrated to Thee!"

And the voice answered—

"Thy prayer is heard, oh gentlest of the angels; and it seems good to him who chastises, but from love.—Go! Thou hast thy will."

Then the angel sang the praises of God, and when the song was done, he rose from his azure throne at the right hand of Gabriel, and spreading his rainbow wings, he flew to that melancholy orb which, nearest to earth, echoes with the shrieks of souls, that by torture become pure. There the unhappy ones see from afar the bright courts they are hereafter to obtain, and the shapes of glorious beings, who, fresh from the Fountains of Immortality, walk amid the gardens of Paradise, and feel that their happiness hath no morrow; and this thought consoles amid their torments, and makes the true difference between Purgatory and Hell.

Then the angel folded his wings, and entering the crystal gates, sat down upon a blasted rock, and struck his divine lyre, and a peace fell over the wretched; the demon ceased to torture, and the victim to wail. As sleep to the mourners of earth was the song of the angel to the souls of the purifying star, one only voice amid the general stillness seemed not lulled by the angel; it was the voice of a woman, and it continued to cry out with a sharp cry—

"Oh, Adenheim—Adenheim, mourn not for the lost!"

The angel struck chord after chord, till his most skilful melodies were exhausted, but still the sweetest harp of the angel choir, cried out—

"Oh, Adenheim—Adenheim, mourn not for the lost!"

Then Seralim's interest was aroused, and approaching the spot whence the voice came, he saw the spirit of a young and beautiful girl chained to a rock, and the demons lying idly by. And Seralim said to the demons, "Doth the song lull ye thus to rest?"

And they answered, "Her care for another is bitterer than all our torments; therefore are we idle."

Then the angel approached the spirit, and said, in a voice which stilled her cry—for in what state do we outlive sympathy? "Wherefore, daughter of earth, wherefore wailest thou with the same plaintive wail, and why doth the harp that soothes the most guilty of thy companions fail in its melody with thee?"

"Oh! radiant stranger," answered the poor spirit, "thou speakest to one who on earth loved God's creature more than God; therefore is she thus justly sentenced. But I know that my poor Adenheim mourns ceaselessly for me, and the thought of his sorrow is more intolerable to me than all the demons can inflict."

"And how knowest thou that he laments thee?" asked the angel.

"Because I know with what agony I should have mourned for him," replied the spirit, simply.

The Divine nature of the angel was touched; for love is the nature of the sons of heaven. "And how," said he, "can I minister to thy sorrow?"

A transport seemed to agitate the spirit, and she lifted up her mist-like and impalpable arms, and cried:

"Give me—oh, give me to return to earth but for one little hour, that I may visit my Adenheim; and that, concealing from him my present sufferings, I may comfort him in his own."

"Alas!" said the angel, turning away his eyes, for angels may not weep in the sight of others, "I could, indeed, grant thee this boon, but thou knowest not the penalty. For the souls in Purgatory may return to Earth, but heavy is the sentence that awaits their return. In a word, for one hour on earth, thou must add a thousand years to the tortures of thy confinement here!"

"Is that all!" cried the spirit; "willingly, then, will I brave the doom. 'Ah, surely they love not in heaven, or thou wouldst know, oh Celestial Visitant, that one hour of consolation to the one we love is worth a thousand and thousand ages of torture to ourselves!—Let me comfort and convince my Adenheim; no matter what becomes of me.'"

Then the angel looked on high, and he saw in far distant regions, which in that orb none else could discern, the rays that parted from the all-guarding Eye; and heard the Voice of the Eternal One, bidding him act as his pity whispered. He looked on the spirit, and her shadowy arms stretched pleadingly towards him: he uttered the word that loosed the bars of the gate of Purgatory; and lo, the spirit had re-entered the human world.

It was night in the halls of the Lord of Adenheim; and he sat at the head of his glittering board; loud and long was the laugh, and merry the jest that echoed round; and the laugh and jest of the Lord of Adenheim were louder and merrier than all.

And by his right side sat a beautiful lady: and ever and anon he turned from others to whisper soft vows in her ear.

"And oh," said the bright dame of Falkenberg, "thy words what ladye can believe; didst thou not utter the same oaths and promises the same love to Ida, the fair daughter of Loden; and now but three little months have closed upon her grave?"

"By my balidom, quoth the young Lord of Adenheim, 'thou dost thy beauty marvellous injustice.—Ida! Nay, thou mockest me; I love the daughter of Loden! why, how then should I be worthy thee? A few gay words, a few passing smiles—behold all the love Adenheim ever bore to Ida. Was it my fault if the poor fool misconstrued such common courtesy? Nay, dearest lady, this heart is virgin to thee.'"

"And what!" said the lady of Falkenberg, as she suffered the arm of Adenheim to encircle her slender waist, "didst thou not grieve for her loss?"

"Why, verily, yes, for the first week; but in thy bright eyes I found ready consolation."

At this moment the Lord of Adenheim thought he heard a deep sigh behind him: he turned, but saw nothing, save a slight mist that gradually faded away, and vanished in the distance. Where was the necessity for Ida to reveal herself?

"And thou didst not, then, do thine errand to thy lover?" said Seralim, as the spirit of the wronged Ida returned to Purgatory.

"Did the demons recommence their torture," was poor Ida's answer.

"And was it for this that thou hast added a thousand years to thy doom?"

"Alas," answered Ida, "after the single hour I have

endured on earth, there seems to be but little terrible in a thousand fresh years of Purgatory!"*

"What! is the story ended?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes."

"Nay, surely the thousand years were not added to poor Ida's doom; and Seralim bore her back with him to heaven!"

"The legend saith no more. The writer was contented to show us the perpetuity of woman's love—"

"And its reward," added Vain.

"It was not I who drew that last conclusion, Albert," whispered Gertrude.

From the Atlas and Constellation.

COL. BOONE, THE BACKWOODSMAN.

Who has not heard of Daniel Boon, the free and fearless hunter of the western wilds, and the patriarch of Backwoods Rovers? A name identified with the history of Kentucky, and with the founders and benefactors of our great Republic? A name that shall live through all time and in every portion of the globe; in history, in sculpture, in eloquence and in song, and what is still more enduring, "in the hearts of his countrymen!" Mr. Flint has lately issued his biography of him, "interspersed with incidents in the early annals of the country," from which we make a selection that will not fail to interest our readers.

Boon was born near Philadelphia, in 1746, and was at the time referred to in our extract, at about his majority. We must here premise that Boone's father with his family had removed from Pennsylvania, and after travelling "o'er the hills and far away" for many a weary mile, they at length located themselves (about 1765) in an unbroken forest at no great distance from the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, in the valleys of which game was abundant, affording the embryo Leather Stocking, Trapper, and Scout, a fine opportunity for indulging those peculiar habits, and for the development of that roaming, restless disposition so characteristic of his descendants and of a large portion of the denizens of Yankee land.

Our contemporary of the Tribune speaking of young Boone, says, "at an early age we find him roaming the vast forest at the south and west; now hunting deer and other game for subsistence; now struggling in bloody conflict with a panther, a bear or a wolf; now watching in his rude cabin in momentary expectation of being attacked by the hostile red men with whom he is surrounded; now a captive of the merciless savage; and now bound to the stake with the bloody tomahawk raised over his head. Yet he appears, with all their dangers and privations, to have preferred the solitudes of the forests to the open country with the comforts and luxuries of civilized life; for no sooner do we find that other emigrants are gathering around the spot where he has located himself—that the smoke of other cabins is mingling with that of his own, and that his clearing is to be extended by the hands of other adventures, then we see him with his rifle upon his shoulder departing for the still untroubled depths of the forest."

Many adventures of the chivalrous backwoodsman are here depicted in Mr. Flint's happiest style, and will serve occasionally to give variety to our columns; we this week present Boone's encounter with his wife when "shining a deer," after first giving some account of his local habitation, the country, &c. which is in fine keeping with the singular character of the enterprising emigrants.

The country was well stocked with all kinds of

game and afforded fine range both for pasture and hunting. These forests had, moreover, the charms of novelty; and the game had not learned to fear the rifles of the new settler. It need hardly be added that the spirit of Boone exulted in this hunter's new paradise. The father and the other sons settled down quietly to the severe labour of making a farm, assigning to Daniel the occupation of his rifle, as aware it was the only one he could be induced to follow; and probably from the experience, that in this way he could contribute more effectually to the establishment, than either of them in the pursuits of husbandry.

An extensive farm was soon opened. The table was always amply supplied with venison, and was the seat of ample and unostentatious hospitality. The peltries of the young hunter yielded all the money which such an establishment required, and the interval between this removal and the coming age of young Boone, was one of health, plenty, and privacy.

But meanwhile this settlement began to experience the pressure of that evil which Boone always considered the greatest annoyance of life. The report of his family's prosperity had gone abroad. The young hunter's fame in his position, attracted other emigrants to come and fix themselves in the vicinity. The smoke of new cabins and clearings went up to the sky. The baying of other dogs, and the crash of distant falling trees began to be heard; and painful presentiments already filled the bosom of young Boone, that this abode would shortly be more pressed upon the one he had left. He was compelled, however, to admit, that if such an order of things bring disadvantages, it has also its benefits.

A thriving farmer by the name of Bryan, had settled at no great distance from Boone, by whose establishment the young hunter, now at the period of life when other thoughts than those of the chase of wild game are sometimes apt to cross the mind, was accustomed to pass.

This farmer had chosen a most beautiful spot for his residence. The farm occupied a space of some hundred acres on a gentle eminence, crested with yellow poplar and laurels. Around it rolled a mountain stream. So beautiful was the position, so many its advantages, that young Boone used to often pause in admiration, on his way to the deeper woods beyond the verge of human habitation. Who can say that the same dreary thoughts that inspired the pen of the eloquent Rousseau, did not occupy the mind of the young hunter, as he passed this rural abode? We hope we shall not be suspected of a wish to offer a tale of romance, as we relate, how the mighty hunter of wild beasts and men was himself subdued, and that by the most timid and gentle of beings. We put down the facts as we find them recorded, and our conscience is quieted, by finding them perfectly natural to the time, place and circumstances.

Young Boone was one night engaged in a fire hunt, with a young friend. Their course led them to the deeply timbered bottom that skirted the stream which wound round this pleasant plantation. That the reader may have an idea of what sort of pursuit it was that young Boone was engaged in, during an event so decisive of his future fortunes, we present a brief sketch of a night fire hunt. Two persons are indispensable to it. The horseman that precedes, bears on his shoulder what is called a fire pan, of blazing pine knots, which cast a bright and flickering glare far through the forest. The second follows at some distance, with his rifle prepared for action. No spectacle is more impressive than this pair of hunters, thus kindling the forest in a glare. The deer reposing quietly in his thicket, is awakened by the approaching cavalcade, and instead of flying from the portentous brilliance, remains stupidly gazing upon it, as if charmed to the spot. The animal is betrayed to its doom by the

* This story is principally borrowed from a foreign soil. It seemed to the author worthy of being transferred to an English one, although he fears that much of its singular beauty in the original has been lost by the way.

gleaming of its fixed and innocent eyes. The cruel mode of securing a fatal shot is called in hunter's phrase, shining the eyes.

The two young men reached a corner of the farmer's field at an early hour in the evening. Young Boone gave the customary signal to his mounted companion preceding him, to stop, an indication that he had shined the eyes of a deer. Boone dismounted, and fastened his horse to a tree. Ascertaining that his rifle was in order, he advanced cautiously behind a covert of bushes, to reach the right distance for a shot. The deer is remarkable for the beauty of its eye when thus shined. The mild brilliance of the two orbs was distinctly visible. Whether warned by a presentiment, or arrested by a palpitation, and strange feelings within, at noting a new expression, in the blue and dewy lights that gleamed on his heart, we say not. But the unerring rifle, and a rustling told him that the game had fled. Something whispered him it was not a deer; and yet the fleet step, as the game bounded away, might easily be mistaken for that of the light-footed animal. A second thought impelled him to pursue the rapidly retreating game; and he sprang away in the direction of the sound, leaving his companion to occupy himself as he might. The fugitive had the advantage of a considerable advance of him, and apparently a better knowledge of the localities of the place. But the hunter was perfect in all his field exercises, and scarcely less fleet footed than a deer; and he gained rapidly on the object of his pursuit, which advanced a little parallel with the field fence, and then, as if endowed with the utmost accomplishment of gymnastics, cleared the fence at a leap. The hunter, embarrassed with his rifle and accoutrements, was driven to the slow and humiliating expedient of climbing it. But an outline of the form of the fugitive, fleeing through the shades in the direction of the house, assured him that he had mistaken the species of game. His heart throbbed from a hundred sensations; and among them an apprehension of the consequences that would have resulted from discharging his rifle, when he had first shined those liquid blue eyes. Seeing that the fleet game made straight in the direction of the house, he said to himself, "I will see the pet deer in its lair," and he directed his steps to the same place. Half a score of dogs opened their barking upon him, as he approached the house, and advertised the master that a stranger was approaching. Having hushed the dogs, and learned the name of his visitant, he introduced him to his family as the son of their neighbour, Boone.

Scarcely had the first words of introduction been uttered before the opposite door opened; and a boy apparently seven, and a girl of sixteen rushed in, panting for breath and in seeming affright.

"Sister went down to the river, and a painter chased her, and she is almost scared to death," exclaimed the boy. The ruddy, flaxen-haired girl stood full in view of her terrible pursuer, leaning upon his rifle, and surveying her with the most eager admiration. "Rebecca, this is young Boone, son of our neighbour," was his laconic introduction. Both were young, beautiful, and at that period when the affections exercise their most energetic influence. The circumstances of the introduction were favourable to the result, and the young hunter felt that eyes of the deer had shined his bosom as fatally as his rifle shot had even the innocent deer of the thicket. She, too, when she saw the high, open, bold forehead; clear, keen, and yet gentle and affectionate eye—the firm front, and the visible express of decision and fearlessness of the hunter—when she interrupted a look which said as distinctly as looks can say it, "how terrible it would have been to have fired!" she can hardly be supposed to have regarded him with indifference. Nor can it be wondered at that she saw in him her *beau idéal* of

excellence and beauty. The inhabitants of cities, who live in mansions, and read novels stored with unreal pictures of life and the heart, are apt to imagine that love, with all its golden illusion, is reserved exclusively for them. It is a most egregious mistake. A model of ideal beauty and perfection is woven in almost every youthful heart, of the brightest and most brilliant threads that compose the web of existence. It may not be said that this forest maiden was deeply and foolishly smitten at first sight. All reasonable time and space were granted to the claims of maidenly modesty. As for Boone, he was incurably wounded by her, whose eyes he had shined, and as he was remarkable for the backwoods attribute of *never being beaten out of his track* he ceased not to woo, until he gained the heart of Rebecca Bryan. In a word, he courted her successfully, and they were married.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

TO —.

Whilst my poor bark its stormy way
O'er life's dark sea is wending,
Without one star's enlivening ray,
Its gloomy course befriending;
By adverse currents often swept,
Far from the course its steering,
Thy mem'ry o'er my soul has crept,
Its drooping sadness cheering.

'Tis thus when struggling on his way,
Midst billows' wild commotion,
The sailor spies that welcome ray,
Come beaming o'er the ocean;
From where removed by howling storm,
And braving every danger,
The light-house rears its noble form,
To guide the wearied stranger.

Yes, thus, when sorrows dark and wild,
Within my breast are striving,
And my worn soul of peace beguiled,
Has scarce a hope surviving,
Thy memory like the light-house beam,
Can break the dreary sadness,
And o'er its darkness shed a gleam,
That lights it up to gladness!

ARIOSTO.

STANZA.

My hopes are like the azure clouds,
Enveloped in the evening sky,
Rapt in terror's darkest shroud,
And showered on the earth to die;
Yet morning calls the clouds away,
And evening's darkest mists shall flee,—
But in sorrow's dark array,
Who shall drop a tear for me?

My hopes are like the fragile bark,
Whom terror's raging billows save,
But without the beacon's mark,
To guide it o'er the roaring wave;
But ah, when oceans storm's have sped,
Others bark shall stem the sea,
But when every hope is fled,
Who shall drop a tear for me?

My hopes are like the witching dream,
Fashioned on the feverish bed,
Ere morning sends its cheering beam,
Its visions and its scenes are fled;
Yet life may view an other morn,
And dreams shall other visions see,—
But when every hope is gone,
Who shall drop a tear for me?

D. R. B.

A SCENE IN VIRGINIA.

On a lovely morning towards the close of Spring, I found myself in a beautiful part of the Great Valley of Virginia.—Spurred on by impatience, I beheld the sun rising in splendor and changing the blue tints on the tops of the lofty Alleghany mountains into streaks of the purest gold, and nature seemed to smile in the freshness of beauty. A ride of about fifteen miles, and a pleasant woodland ramble of about two, brought myself and companion to the great *Natural Bridge*.

Although I had been anxiously looking forward to this time, and my mind had been considerably excited by expectation, yet I was not altogether prepared for the visit. This great work of nature is considered by many as the second great curiosity in our country, Niagara falls being the first. I do not expect to convey a very correct idea of this bridge, for no description can do this.

The natural bridge is entirely the work of God. It is of solid limestone, and connects two large mountains together by a most beautiful arch, over which there is a great wagon road. Its length from one mountain to the other is nearly 80 feet, its width about 35, its thickness about 45, and its perpendicular height over the water is not far from 220 feet. A few bushes grow on its top by which a traveller may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water, and from 200 to 300 from its surface, all of limestone. The visitor cannot give so good a description of the bridge as he can of his feelings at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy projecting rock, and looking down a chasm of from 40 to 60 feet wide, he sees nearly 300 feet below a wild stream foaming and dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at rocks above. The stream is called Cedar Creek. The visitor here sees trees of 70 feet under the arch, and yet to look down upon them, they appear like bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch and they looked like insects. I threw a stone down and counted thirty four before it reached the water. All bear of heights and depths, but they here see what is high and feel it to be deep. The awful rocks present their everlasting buttments, the water murmurs and foams far below, and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon and the stars, and allow that none but God could make them, will here be impressed that none but *Almighty God* could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge below, is as pleasing as the top is awful.—The arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance from the top to the bottom may be formed from the fact, that as I stood on the bridge and my companions beneath, neither of us could speak with sufficient loudness to be heard by the other. A man from either view does not appear more than four or five inches in height.

As we stood under the beautiful arch we saw the place where visitors have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed twenty-five feet and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some wishing to immortalize their names have engraved them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert them high in the book of fame.

A few years since, a young man, being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue he climbed up as high as possible, but found that the person who had occupied his place, was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach, but he was not thus to be discouraged. He opens a large jackknife, and in the soft limestone began to cut places

for his hands and feet. With much patience and difficulty, he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph, but his triumph was short, for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend unless he fell upon the rugged rocks beneath him.

There was no house near, from whence his companions could get assistance. He could not long remain in that condition, and, what was worse, his friends were too much frightened to do any thing for his relief. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated upon the rocks below and dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly he plied himself with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascending with incredible labor. He exerts every muscle. His life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not look downwards, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood on the top of the rock exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted; but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained, and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not forsaken him. His course upwards was rather obliquely than perpendicular. His most critical moment had now arrived. He had ascended considerably more than 200 feet, and had still farther to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. His thought of his friends and all earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave and dared not meet it. He now made his last effort and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from 200 feet from the water, in a centre almost perpendicular; and in little less than two hours his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy; but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted away on reaching the spot, and it was some time before he recovered.

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and to follow in imagination this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

We stayed around this seat of grandeur four hours but from my own feelings, I should not have supposed over half an hour. There is a little cottage near lately built; here we were desired to write our names as visitors to the bridge, in a large book kept for this purpose. Two large volumes were nearly filled already. Having immortalized our names by enrolling them in this book, we slowly and silently returned to our horses, wondering at this great work of nature; and we could not but be filled with astonishment at the amazing power of him who can clothe himself in wonder and terror, or throw around his works a mantle of sublimity.

JUGGLERS.

From an article on the "Autobiography of the Emperor Jahaguer," in the Quarterly Review.

The author makes a characteristic transition from the grave subject on which he had been just engaged to an account of the feats of some Bengal jugglers, which cannot, he thinks, but be considered among the most surprising circumstances of the age. The description of the operations of these men, is, however, in itself by no means unworthy of attention, inasmuch as it shows the degree of perfection to which they carried their various contrivances for deceiving the imperial court. Jahaguer was so struck with astonishment at the wonders which they wrought, that he ascribes them without hesitation to supernatural power. The jugglers were first desired to produce upon the spot, from the seed, ten mulberry trees—

They immediately sowed in separate places seed in the ground, and in a few minutes after a mulberry plant was seen springing from each of the seeds, each plant, as it rose in the air, shooting for the leaves and branches, and yielding excellent fruit! In the same manner, and by a similar magical process, apple trees, mangoes, fig trees, almond and walnut trees were created, all producing fruit, which Jahanguir assures us was exquisite to the taste. This, however, he observes was not all—

"Before the trees were removed, there appeared among the foliage birds of such surprising beauty, in colour and shape, and melody of song, as the world never saw before. At the close of the operation, the foliage, as in autumn, was seen to put on its variegated tints, and the trees gradually disappeared into the earth from which they had been made to spring.

Major Price states, that he has himself witnessed similar operations on the western side of India, but that a sheet was employed to cover the process. "I have however," he adds "no conception of the means by which they were accomplished, unless the jugglers had the trees about them, in every state, from the seedling to the fruit."

The reader will be amused with the Emperor's narrative of some more of these "specious miracles."

"One night, and in the very middle of the night, when half this globe was wrapped in darkness, one of these seven men stripped himself, almost naked, and having spun himself swiftly round several times, he took a sheet with which he covered himself, and beneath the sheet drew out a resplendent mirror, by the radiance of which a light so powerful was produced, as to have illuminated the hemisphere from an incredible distance round; to such a distance indeed, that we have the attestation of travellers to the fact, who declared, that on a particular night, the same night on which the exhibition took place, and at the distance of ten days' journey, they saw the atmosphere so powerfully illuminated as to exceed the brightness of the brightest day they had ever seen.

"They placed in my presence a large seething pot or chaldron, and filling it partly with water, they threw into it eight of the smaller mauns of brick of rice; when without the smallest spark of fire, the chaldron forthwith began to boil; in a little time they took off the lid, and drew from it nearly a hundred platters full, each with a stewed fowl at top!"

But these feats of skill fall into insignificance when compared with the following extraordinary process—

"They produced a man whom they divided limb from limb, actually severing his head from his body. They scattered these mutilated members along the ground, and in this state they lay for some time. They then extended a sheet or curtain over the spot, and one of the men putting himself under the sheet, in a few minutes came from below, followed by the individual supposed to have been cut into joints, in perfect health and condition, and one might have safely sworn that he had never received a wound or injury whatever.

This trick we can easily understand to have been performed by means not unlike those which are resorted to upon our stage, whenever it becomes necessary to hang, draw, and quarter pantaloons in the pantomime. If it be true, as Jahanguir relates, that his jugglers also in a moment covered a pond with a mantle of ice sufficiently strong to bear an elephant, the machinery sent from England to India some time ago for freezing water must have been no novelty in that country. We should much like to know Sir David Brewster's conjectures with respect to the following, which must have been optical deceptions, and in which we trace a certain similarity to some of the stories so amusingly cleared up in the "Letters on Natural Magic."

"They caused two tents to be set up, the one at a distance of a bow shot from the other, the doors or

entrances being placed exactly opposite: they raised the tent walls all around, and declared that it might be particularly observed, that they were entirely empty. Then, fixing the tent walls to the ground, two of the seven men entered, one into each tent, none of the other men entering either of the tents. Thus prepared, they said they would undertake to bring out of the tents any animal we chose to mention, whether bird or beast, and set them in conflict with each other. Khaunse-Jahaun, with a smile of incredulity, required them to show us a battle between two ostriches. In a few minutes two ostriches of the largest size issued, one from either tent, and attacked each other with such fury that the blood was seen streaming from their heads; they were at the same time so equally matched, that neither could get the better of the other, and they were therefore separated by the men, and conveyed within the tents. In short they continued to produce from either tent whatever animal we chose to name and before our eyes set them to fight in the manner I have attempted to describe; and although I have exerted my utmost invention to discover the secret of the contrivance, it has been entirely without success.

"They were furnished with a bow and about fifty steel-pointed arrows. One of the seven men took the bow in hand, and shooting the arrow into the air, the shaft stood fixed at a considerable height; he shot a second arrow, which flew straight to the first, to which it became attached, and so with one of the remaining arrows, to the last of all, which striking the shaft, suspended in the air, the whole immediately broke asunder, and came at once to the earth.

"They procured a chain 50 cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it towards the sky, where it remained, as if fastened to some hinge in the air. A dog was then brought forward and being placed at the lower end of the chain, instantly ran up and reaching the other end immediately disappeared in the air. In the same manner a hog, a panther, a lion and a tiger, were alternately sent up the chain, and all equally disappeared at the upper end of the chain.

At last they took down the chain, and put it into a bag, no one even discovering in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner above described. This I may venture to affirm was beyond measure strange and surprising."

EARLY FRUGALITY.—In early childhood, you lay the foundation of poverty or riches, in the habits you give your children. Teach them to save everything,—not for their *own* use, for that would make them selfish—but for *some* use. Teach them to *share* everything with their playmates; but never allow them to *destroy* anything. I once visited a family where the most exact economy was observed; yet nothing was mean or uncomfortable. It is the character of true economy to be as comfortable with a little, as others can be with much. In this family, when the father brought home a package, the older children would, of their own accord, put away the paper and twine neatly, instead of throwing them in the fire, or tearing them to pieces. If the little ones wanted a piece of twine to play scratch-cradle, or spin a top, there it was in readiness; and when they threw it upon the floor, the elder children had no need to be told to put it again in its place.—*From the Frugal Housewife.*

Lord Byron's Lines, found in his Bible.

Within this awful volume lies

The mystery of mysteries.

Oh! happiest they of human race,

To whom our God has given grace

To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,

To lift the latch, and force the way;

But better had they ne'er been born,

Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

HER EYES THE GLOW WORM LEND THEE.

Andante Cantabile.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee, The sport-ing stars at--

tend thee, And Cu - - pid al - - - so, Whose lit-tle eyes glow, Like sparks of fire, be--

friend thee; No will--o'-tho-wisp mis- - - - light thee, Nor dan-ger's dread af--

fright thee; But on, on thy way, Not making a stay, Since fear there is none to a --

larm thee: No will-o'-the-wisp mis---light thee, Nor dan--ger's dread af--

fright thee; But on, on thy way, not mak-ing a stay, Since

fear there is none to a --- larm thee.

Second Verse.

Let darkness ne'er the cumber;
 What tho' the moon does slumber,
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like tapers clear without number;
 Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
 Thus, thus, to come unto thee,
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silvery feet,
 My thoughts I'll then declare thee.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

"THE DEVIL TO PAY."—This phrase doubtless originated in a printing office, on some Saturday night's settlement of weekly wages. "John," says the publisher to the book keeper, "how stands the cash account?"—"Small balance on hand sir."—"Let's see," rejoins the publisher, "how far will that go towards satisfying the hands?" John begins to figure—arithmetically: so much due to Potkins—so much to Typus—so much to Grubbe—and so on, through a dozen ditkos. The publisher stands aghast. "Here is not money enough, by a jug full."—"No sir—and besides, there is *the devil to pay*."—*Nantucket Inq.*

LEFT-HANDED PLEA.—A prisoner at the bar of the Mayor's Court, Philadelphia, being called on to plead an indictment for larceny, was told by the clerk to hold up his *right* hand. The man immediately held up his *left* hand. "Hold up your *right* hand," said the clerk. "Please your Honour," said the culprit, still keeping his left hand up, "Please your Honour, I am left handed."

JOKES UPON LAWYERS.—The English papers state that a certain member of the bar, remarkable for his red face and irritable temperament, goes by the appropriate name of the "red precipitate." A better joke than this however has been committed at the expense of one of the gentlemen of the long robe remarkable for his high stature and at the same time *vacant* countenance. He has been christened "*The long vacation*." Another in New Hampshire, whose complexion indicated a more extensive practice at the bar of the Hotel than of the Court, was said by Judge V. to be a very *deep red lawyer*.

WATER.—Some humane persons has affixed printed handbills to the pumps, cautioning those who are heated against drinking water. "Botheration," said an Irishman, "only look at that—one says, don't drink any of the cratur, my darling, for it will be the death on ye; another says, don't drink any water, honey, or you will be kilt out right. By the powers, I'll mix the whiskey and the water in equal parts, and chate both of 'em."—*N. Y. Star.*

GRAMMATICAL CONSTRUCTION.—A Farmer's son, just returned from a boarding school, was asked "if he knew *grammar*?" "Oh yes, father," said the pupil, "I know her very well—*Grammar* sits in the chair fast asleep."

CONSCIENTIOUS MOLLY.—"Molly," said a lady to her servant, who was not remarkable for her quickness of conception or general industry, "I think you'll never set the Thames on fire." "No, ma'am" was the reply, "I should be very sorry to do any thing so wicked."

It is known to all who are acquainted with the early history of Kentucky, that the first emigrants settled in small squads, like the first settlement in all other frontier countries, for mutual defence. The order was, whenever an alarm was given all were to run to that place. Early one morning the shouts and cries of a female were heard—all ran to the spot. When they arrived they saw a bear and a man engaged in combat. They had it hip and thigh, up and down, over and under, and the man's wife standing by and hallooing "fair play! fair play!" The company ran up and insisted on parting them. The woman said, "No—no—let them fight! for it is the first fight I ever saw that I did not care which whipped."

NEW PROFESSIONAL SERVICE.—"Docther," said an Hibernian as he entered the office of a practitioner in this city, "I'd be afther apaking a word to you in secret."

"Speak on, no one will hear you."

"Are you sure of that, intirely? By me sowl, its afraid to think I am, lest the botherin' crature should hear me."

"Who?"

"Why who but Kathleen Mahoney to be sure—Hasn't she bewitched intirely me body and sowl; the swate murderin hussey? And isn't it meelf that can't slape for drameing of her, nor wake for the night-mare; that can't ate a maly paraty but of her cookin' nor taste a drap o' the cratur widout wishing good luck to her swate face!"

"You love her then?"

"You may say that! the blessed Saint Patrick niver loved the howly church better."

"You must marry her."

"O wouldn't I! but the unfaling creature wost so much as spake to Terence O'Flaherty, and that's me self, your honor."

"Then she don't like you?"

"Divil a bit, your honor, she spur-rins me worse nor St. Patrick would blast a toad or a sarpint!"

"Quit her then."

"I can't your honor. Havn't I kept away from the cabin till the char-rins and wicked arts of the crature make me go back agen like a tomit into the mout of one of your ugly Yankee serpents, bad luck to them!"

"Well, Terence," said Esculapius, with difficulty suppressing a laugh, "this is a severe visitation, but what am I to do?"

"Docther," in a whisper, "Docther, I'll take my bodily oath that Kathleen has been putthin a somethin in my drink to make me love her."

"Well."

"Can't you be afther givin me a dose to mix in her potheen to make her bewildered afther me, just as I'm crazy for her, your honor?"

"No, Terence, but I'll give you a dose to cure you of your love."

"Its not that exactly I'd have your honor. If Kathleen loved Terence, and Terence loved Kathleen, wouldn't we make a swate couple? and barrin a bit of a row now and thin, we'd agree intirely."

"Ah, Terence, Terence, its only wicked wizards that bewitch, I can't do that, but I can cure those who are so unlucky as to get in the clutches of the wicked. You look sick. You'll die to a certainty, if I don't remove the spell."

Poor Pat was in a quandary.

"Ah well, Docther, jist fix me the artical, bother live alone, then die with a witch; oh, murder! murder! Kathleen you murderin witch, St. Patrick defend me from you!"

If Terence did not curse the Docther as well as Kathleen, when he had taken his panacea, the faul was not in the recipe.—*Boston Galaxy.*

INTERESTING FACT—A few years ago, a very worthy laboring man, in this town, who had been so unfortunate as to acquire a habit of drinking spirit, becoming convinced of its ruinous tendency, had strength of mind sufficient to form an effectual resolution of future abstinence. At the time, he had a wooden box made, with a hole in the lid, and labelled "RUM," into which he every day dropped as much money as he had been in the habit of spending for liquor. The box was never opened till very recently, when, on counting the sum, it was found to amount to no less than *one hundred and eighty dollars*, with a part of which he purchased a good house lot, and the remainder will go towards putting a neat and comfortable new house upon it.—Such examples are above all praise.—*Salem Gas.*

LONDON POLICE. MANSION HOUSE—SHAVING EXTRAOR- DINARY.

A journeyman barber was brought before the Lord Mayor, on Saturday, charged with having, in a fit of drunkenness, threatened to assault and shave his mistress dry.

The mistress, who keeps a shaving shop in Petticoat lane, stated that she employed two men besides the defendant to do the business of the shop, which had a very fair trade considering the general negligence of the neighborhood as to the growth of unnecessary hair. Unfortunately, the defendant's habits became offensive to the customers. She had expostulated with him frequently, for he was a skilful hand, but remonstrance was useless. The customers began to go to a rival establishment—and, to save herself from ruin, she told him he must depart. This sentence at once introduced him to a gin shop; where he took so copiously to the "cream of the valley," that he besieged the shaving shop, and, to the terror of the neighbors, proceeded to the work, razor in hand, and swearing that he would shave his mistress, without the mercy of a taste of soap and water.

The defendant—My Lord, it's all revenge. Misses has a grudge towards me, for she always puts me in the rough work, and I'm blest if my hand can stand it.

The Lord Mayor—What do you call the rough work? I suppose you have to shave and cut hair as the other men do?

The defendant—Like the other men! Lord bless you, your worship, I've got for to shave all the Jews as comes to our shop out of mourning. (Laughter.) It's no joke to go over a pair of cheeks wot no steel's touched for three months.

The mistress stated that those remarks were a libel upon her character, and calculated to do great injury to her shop.

The defendant—Only let me have fair play at a face, and I defy Barbarossa; but I'm hanged if I can make a horse's tail as smooth as a yard of wolwet in a couple of minutes. (Laughter.) Besides, please you, my lord, if there's a blacksmith or a coal-heaver as wants his face to be go'd over, why missus calls out to me, "Jack, clap your suds upon this face." (Laughter.)

The Lord Mayor tried to reconcile the parties, but in vain. The defendant was discharged. He said he would try for employment at the other end of the town.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE—During the Revolution an artillery carriage among other munitions was captured at the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne, in 1777.—This carriage together with a brass field piece taken by Gen. La Fayette in person at the storming of a redoubt at York Town, in which memorable battle he bore a conspicuous part, are now at the Government Arsenal in Gibbonsville. While Gen. La Fayette was on his tour through the United States in 1825, he called to visit the Government works opposite this city, and while the salute was being fired he recognised the identical cannon above mentioned, and is said to have instantly approached and embraced it as the companion of his youth. Another link in this chain of coincidence, was added on Saturday last. The Government order had been received the day before at the Arsenal, respecting the death of La Fayette, directing the half hour gun to be fired in honor of that great patriot. The order was executed with the same gun, which had figured so conspicuously in his early history. The effect upon those who heard the salute, with a knowledge of the historical coincidents connected with it must have been peculiarly affecting and melancholy.—*Troy Whig.*

NEW YORK POLICE—LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

John McLean, one of the gentlemen of the Press was brought up for getting drunk on Sunday night, and further added to the enormity, by not getting sober before he was put to the bar.

Mag.—Well McLean, how came you to get drunk on Sunday?

McLean.—Bekase as yer honor please, I have no time to get drunk any other day. Bad luck to me, isn't Sunday a day of rist: and its little rist I get any way, save when I am peaceably drunk, and then I can neither walk nor work, ate or drink, nor THINK, and it's risted I am then, intirely, according to scrip-ture; and if I'm right according to gospel, sure I'm not wrong according to law.

Mag.—Well, have you any money to pay your fine? John.—Divil a cent, sir! I worked seventeen hours a day all last week, in turning a wheel for the printers, and I got but five dollars and my liberty of a Saturday night, for the reason, they said, I didn't make quite a week's work. Bad luck to me (said he, bursting into a laugh), but I'd like yer honorjist to have one spell at that wheel—you'd say it was the most pressing and roundabout business you ever took in hand.

Mag.—I'll take your word for it—you may go; for your absence may, perhaps, delay the publication of some of the journals.

John.—Bad cess to me, but you're right—divil a paper could they get out at all without me. I see yer honor knows how to respect the liberty of the press. Good morning, and good many such to you.—*True.*

AN IRISH WATCHMAN IN LONDON.—It happened a few years since that a gentleman who is now living in Dublin was, with some of his companions, arrested by a party of watchmen as they were making their way out of a tavern in London. The gentleman recognised in the voice of his captor the mellifluous tones that characterise those who inhale their brogue upon the banks of the Lee. "You are from Cork," said he to the watchman. "Why, then, you may say that, answered the watchman, "many is the fine day, when I was young and handsome, I worked in Mulligan's nursery there." "In Mulligan's nursery!" replied the gentleman, who at once perceived what string in his countryman's heart could be played upon, "sure I am the son of Mr. Mulligan." "The son of Mr. Mulligan!" exclaimed the captor, relaxing his hold; "the son of Mr. Mulligan—by dad then I'll be bail, you're Master George, that I have often heard was living in London." "Indeed I am Master George Mulligan," sighed out the captive. "Why, then, Master George, the devil a bit of Pat Daly will bring you to the watch-house this blessed night; but I must have a prisoner at all events. Now," said he, grasping at an English gentleman who happened to be passing him on the pathway, "now, Master George—run, you devil, down that lane with you." Master George took the hint, and, as he hurried off, he heard the watchman abusing the unconscious delinquent for resisting his arrest. "What, you vagabone, would you be trying to be after getting off from me that way? Come along peaceably, or I'll knock you into smithereens.—*Irish Mag.*

MAGIC OF A NAME.—What romantic lady has not wept over the fate of Charlotte and Werter? The very name of Charlotte is replete with sentiment—but did curiosity ever prompt thee to ask the other name of the heroine? Goethe, who wrote the "Sorrows of Werter," has revealed the secret in the memoirs of his own life. Her name was *Buff!* Charlotte Buff! Here is an end to the romance of it, and what a puppy Werter must have been, to blow out his brains for a girl named Charlotte Buff!

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

Well, I confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all womankind
Such unkind women now;
They need not, sure, as *distant* be
As Java or Japan—
Yet every Miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!

Once they made choice of my bass voice
To share in each duet;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set.
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance in Bruin's plan;
Me draw! me paint! me any thing!
I'm not a single man!

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can—
My buttons then were bachelor's—
I'm not a single man!

Oh, how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa;
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mamma.
Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays her girls upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

Ah me, how strange it is, the change
In parlour and in hall,—
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran.
They now sit still in diaphane—
I'm not a single man!

Miss Mary Bond was one so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks;
She daily sought my cabinet,
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dumb
For ancient pot or pan,
Her taste at once is modernised—
I'm not a single man!

My spouse is full of homely life,
And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring;
And yet each Miss to whom I come,
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine,
I'm not a single man!

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his tomb.
From head to heel they make me feel
Of quite another clan;
Compell'd to own, though left alone,
I'm not a single man!

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand—
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,

With me don't care to mount a star—
I'm not a single man!

Some change, of course, should be in force,
But, surely, not so much—
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch?
Must I forbear to hand a chair,
And not pick up a fan?
But I have been myself picked up—
I'm not a single man!

I must confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage vow,
Would make me find all womankind
Such unkind women now;
I might be bash'd to death, or smash'd;
By Mr. Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!

A SCOT'S LUVE SANG.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Could this ill warld hae been contriv'd
To stand without mischievous woman,
How peacefu' bodies wad hae liv'd,
Released frae a' the ills sae common!
But since it is the waeifu' case
That maun hae this teasing mony,
Why see a sweet bewitching face!
—O had they no been made so bonny!

I might hae wandered dale and wood,
Brisk as the breeze that whistles o'er me.
As careless as the roe-deers brood,
As happy as the lands before me.
I might hae screwed my tunefu' pega,
And caroll'd mountain streams so gaily,
Had we but wantit a' the Mays
Wi' glossy een see dark an' wily.

I saw the danger, feared the dart,
The smile, the air, and a' sae taking,
Yet open laid my wareless heart,
And gat the wound that keeps me waking.
My harp waves on the willow green;
O' wild witch-notes it has nae ony,
Sin' o'er I saw that pawky queen,
Sae sweet, sae wicked, an' sae bonny!

CONJECTURES.

A horse with his nose in a bag,
Is probably thinking of corn;
A vestment reduced to a rag,
Is likely enough t' have been worn;
A sceptic, who boggles at doubts,
May silently swallow a sin;
And in politics, they who are "outs,"
May possibly wish to get in.

A lady, when dressing for church,
May perhaps have a thought of this earth;
A lover, when left in the lurch,
With maudlin may bother your mirth;
A lawyer who frowns at a fee,
May be moved by some deeper pretence;
And a man who is hanging, can be
In a state of most painful suspense.

EPITAPH.

ON SIR JOHN GUISE.

Here lies the body of Sir John Guise—
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries:
Where his soul is, and how it fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.





OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

"To aid thy mind's development—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss—
This, it would seem, was not reserved for me!
Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this."

No. 10.] PHILADELPHIA.—OCTOBER.

[1834.

INFANCY.

BY FREDERICK S. BUKARD.

SACRED your play and gladness,
Fair creatures! to recal
Those dim refreshing memories
On which no taint can fall;
A charm too, like the sunset
On the young blossom's hue,
They fade amidst the waning hours,
And change must come o'er you.

You can wake our early pleasures,
When dream-like and unknown
Life stretch'd beyond,—a glittering morn
Before the dew has flown;
You can give us back unsullied
The phantasies of youth,
When the sunshine from the bosom veil'd
The ruggedness of truth.

Those visions soon are ended,
For deeper thoughts must fill
The current of our after years,
Yet we are losers still;
For with them goes the innocence
That own'd no evil thought,
And knowledge, at that heavy price,
Alas! is dearly bought.

As those who in a tempest
Are shuddering o'er the grave,
When hope has almost ceased to nerve
Their strivings with the wave,
Discover some green island,
Some calm sequester'd spot,
Where terror may be hild to rest,
And ocean's rage forgot;

Thus, O ye joyful children!
Appears your radiant glee,
A fairy land to which the soul
From storm and cloud can flee.
'Midst bitterness and discord
Ye come like music sweet;
A zephyr from the balmy dawn,
To check the noon-day heat.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Unto him who hath loved us, and gave himself for us
and washed us from our sins, in his own blood.—*Rev.*

How hath he loved us?—Ask the star
That on its wondrous mission sped,
Hung trembling o'er that manger scene
Where He, the Eternal, bow'd his head:
He, who of earth doth seal the doom,
Found in her lowliest inn no room!

Judge's mountain—lift your voice;
With legends of the Saviour fraught;
Speak, favor'd Olivet—so oft
At midnight's prayerful vigil sought—
And Cedron's brook, whose rippling wave
Frequent his weary feet did lave.

How hath he loved us?—Ask the band
That tied his woes with breathless haste—
Ask the weak friend's dental tone,
Scarce by his bitterest tears effaced—
Ask of the traitor's kiss—and see
What Jesus hath endured for thee.

Ask of Gethsemane, whose dews
Streak from that moisture strangely red,
Which in that unwatch'd hour of pain,
His agonizing temples shed!
The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore,
Like the unanswering lamb, He bore.

How hath he loved us?—Ask the cross,
The Roman spear, the shrouded sky—
Ask of the shrouded dead, who burst
Their cements at his fearful cry—
O, ask no more,—but bow thy pride,
And yield thy heart to him who died.

MARIA HAMMOND.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

"We live in a world beset on all sides with mysteries and riddles."—STERNE.

WHAT is the human mind? It is an "auræ divina particula," says Horace: "it is material," whispers Infidelity: "it is an essence," replies Religion: "I declare," says my Uncle Toby, "I know nothing of the matter." Now I am certain, and I will undertake to prove it this minute, that my Uncle Toby's answer is the best, the wisest, and indeed the only sensible answer that can be given to the question by man, woman, or child.

Sometime in the month of last November, I was sitting in the evening by myself, before the parlour fire, chewing the bitter cud of a vexed spirit. That day a series of petty annoyances had given me the "horrors." Twenty thousand devils, as blue as indigo, had taken possession of my brain, and were scampering about, grinning and kicking up their heels, in utter defiance of all the most approved exorcisms in such cases made and provided. I treated my disease first philogistically: that is to say, I drank a glass of brandy and water *hot*, with sugar. I was not an iota the better. I treated it anti-philogistically: that is to say, I took another glass *cold*, *without*. I got no better—but at last, recollecting Dr. Hahnemann's theory of medicine—"Similia cum similibus"—or, as he calls it, his "System of Homœopathics"—and the night being a miserable, suicidal sort of night—a thick fog having fallen, like a wet blanket, over that part of nature's face on which stands the city of London—and my friend Withering being a most wearisome proser, and living at a distance of at least two miles—I resolved to give Dr. Hahnemann's system a trial, and treat my case homœopathically. So seizing my hat and stick, with the air of a man who has taken his resolution, I trudged away through mud and mire, filth and fog, to my friend Withering's.

I have said that a thick fog had fallen over that part of Nature's face on which stands the city of London. This remark, I am sensible, exposes me to the inconvenience of being asked what part or particular feature of Nature's face it is which the aforesaid city occupies. But in order to forestall any such inquiries, I do hereby openly acknowledge that I am wholly at a loss to answer them with any degree of certainty; but if I may be allowed to venture a guess on so difficult a subject, I should say, it must certainly be the upper lip. For how otherwise is it possible to account for the dust, dirt, and dinginess with which London is eternally besmudged? But grant that it stands on the upper lip—and only suppose, further, that Dame Nature is, like most other ancient dames, a snuff-taker, and not a cleanly one, and the thing is explained at once—"tis as plain as a pikestaff. Nay, by heavens! "it is much plainer,"—"tis as plain," may it please your Grace of Wellington, "as the nose on your face."

My friend Withering is a natural philosopher—by which I mean a philosopher natur-

ally, and not by acquired habits. He knows that the great sum of human misery is made up by the continual addition of small items—that these items are the taxes which we are called upon to pay to the King of Kings, for the protection which he affords us, and for the countless blessings he is continually showering down upon us. He knows, moreover, that, let us grumble as we will, pay them we must—so my friend pays them cheerfully. He knows, too, that the sum of human happiness does not chiefly consist of high excitement and momentary transports—but of the quiet enjoyment of things as they are—so my friend takes the world as he finds it. He walks through life with a composed step—neither turning to the right to gallop after the will-wi-the-whips with which the beckoning devil, temptation, lights up the marshes and quagmires of life, nor is he frightened away to the left by the hobgoblins of fanaticism—but holds on his way as nearly in a straight line as he can, content to gather by the way-side here a flower and there a flower.

On the present occasion, however, I found my friend's equanimity thrown a little off its centre. On inquiring the cause of the musing dejection in which I found him absorbed, he addressed me as follows:—

"You must remember to have often heard me mention the name of a very old and dear friend, who died some ten years ago. His name was Hammond. When he died he was a widower, and left behind him an only daughter. His little Maria was the apple of her poor father's eye, and on his death-bed he besought me to keep a parent's watch over her, till I saw her settled in life. After the funeral of her father, Maria was sent to reside with a maiden aunt, and shortly after that event was conveyed to a respectable boarding-school of my own choosing. At this school she almost immediately formed an intimate acquaintance with a Miss Melton—an interesting child of her own age, and the daughter of highly respectable parents. They became at once school-cronies. They walked always together—sat always next each other at the desk and at the dining-table—slept together—and each spent one half of the holidays at the house of the other. During the whole time they remained together at school their friendship never was broken—but grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength. At length the time arrived for Miss Melton to leave school, and the two friends were parted. About twelve months after this, Miss Hammond also left school and returned to live with her aunt, when she learnt that Mr. Melton had gone to reside in a distant part of the country.

"Not very long after Miss Hammond left school, her aunt fell into a bad state of health, and her medical attendants recommending her to try a change of air, she went to reside at the town of C——, taking of course her niece along with her. After having resided here about twelve months, she one day met in the street, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, her old friend Miss Melton—now, however, no longer Miss Melton, but Mrs. Remington. She had been married, it seems, all parties happily consent-

ing, only a few months previously, to Mr. Remington, who was an attorney (and a most excellent man) in full practice at the town of C—. The old friendship was of course renewed, and from that time they were almost daily visitors at each other's houses. It was about this time that I received a letter from Maria's aunt, requesting to see me. When I arrived, I found I had been summoned by the old lady in order to consult with her as to the propriety of allowing Maria to accept the addresses of a young gentleman who had made pretensions to her hand. I immediately set about making inquiries into his respectability, connexions, &c., and found him in all things an unexceptionable match. I do not mean to say that the young man was represented to me as an absolute saint; but all parties agreed in speaking of him as an honourable young man, of promising talents. Having satisfied myself thus far, and having seen and conversed with him on the subject of his pretensions to Maria, he was formally permitted to visit my *protégée* as her accepted suitor; and I returned to town. This gentleman's name was Charles Fenton. All things seemed to "work together for good." I was delighted with my poor orphan's prospects; and had she not been an orphan, could I have congratulated my poor friend on the approaching happiness of his only and beloved daughter—we should have set our feet, at the same moment, and shaken hands together on the topmost step of human happiness.

"Days, weeks, and months passed away, and our sky was still without a cloud. Fenton, however, became importunate with Maria to name the wedding day, which was at last fixed. It was to be the sixth Saturday after Mrs. Remington's confinement, which was expected to take place in the course of the current month. This was exacted by Maria in compliment to her friend, in order that she might be present at the ceremony. Maria was now almost constantly with Mrs. Remington, assisting her in the various little preparations for her approaching accouchement; and frequently sleeping at her house. On these occasions, Fenton of course went also to see Maria. It was, in fact, her friend's house, at which Fenton had first seen Miss Hammond, for he had become acquainted with Remington, and had visited him on the most friendly footing, almost from the time of his marriage. One evening while Maria was sitting at work with Mrs. Remington—rather late in the evening, for she intended to stay all night—Fenton knocked at the door. When he was admitted into the parlor where the ladies sat, it was instantly perceived that he had been drinking somewhat too freely. As this was, however, a circumstance of exceeding rare occurrence, and as he was always at such times well-tempered and tractable, it occasioned no uneasiness in Miss Hammond, but was only treated by her as a matter of good-humoured raillery. On this occasion Fenton was so much excited, that Mr. Remington insisted on his staying where he was all night; and soon after supper he was prevailed on to go to bed. As he was going up stairs, the maid following with a light, he suddenly stopped, and laughing as he did so, took off his coat and giving it to the servant, "Here," said

he "carry this into Maria's bed-room."* The servant considering the thing as a mere drunken frolic or whim, did as she was ordered, and when she came down stairs mentioned the circumstance, with a smile, to Miss Hammond. When Maria went into her bed-room for the night, the first thing she saw was Fenton's coat, spread out on the back of a chair. "What a ridiculous fancy!" said she, and then without further notice, proceeded to undress and get into bed. It appears, however, continued my friend with a forced smile, that although she took no farther notice of the coat, either it or its owner was still uppermost in her mind; for she forgot to put out the light until she was in bed. As she rose again for this purpose, the coat again caught her eye, and it now, for the first time occurred to her, that certainly Fenton must have had some motive in sending his coat into her room. She sat upright in the bed for a minute or two with her eyes fixed on it, musing and wondering what that motive could be. Not being able to frame, however, any satisfactory conjecture, but still intent upon the subject, she once more lay down in bed, and once more discovered that she had again wholly forgotten the light. When, however, she made this second discovery, she did not immediately get up and rectify the error, but lay for some time still pondering on the circumstance of the coat. At length she suddenly started up, exclaiming to herself, "I'll lay my life Fenton has some present, or perhaps a letter, in his coat-pocket for me; and has taken, in 'tipsy fun, this whimsical method of delivering it." She got out of bed and went straight to the chair on which hung the object that had so much puzzled her. She had no sooner come within reach of it, however, than she hesitated, and began to question the propriety of putting her hand into another's pocket. After a little pause—whether it was that she felt assured it was sent there by its owner for that very purpose, or whether it was the perfect innocence and simplicity of her intentions, or that she thought the whole affair altogether too ridiculous to be worth a moment's serious reflection, or whether, continued my friend with another sad smile, it was curiosity—whatever it was, it soon overcame her scruples, and laughing to herself, and putting her hand into one of the pockets she withdrew from it, not one merely, but several letters, all with their seals broken. The idea of reading these letters, merely because, the seals being broken, she might do so undiscovered, never even presented itself to the delicate mind of Maria Hammond; but in looking at them, one by one, in order to discover whether any of them were addressed to herself, she was struck with the strange fact that the subscriptions were all evidently in the handwriting of her friend, Mrs. Remington, and all addressed to Fenton. An indefinable misgiving came over her, and almost made her sick. The shadow of some impending evil fell upon her, the frightfulness of which was only

* Fact—however improbable it may appear in the sequel.

so much the more appalling, that she had no distinct notion of its nature and extent. She longed to know the contents of the letters—perhaps the whole happiness depended upon it—but she could not bring herself to read them: it was a trying moment—one by one she returned them slowly to the pocket, her eye dwelling on the superscription of each as she did so, till she came to the last. She paused—over and over again the poor girl read the superscription—it was certainly her friend's writing—it was impossible to doubt it; she looked on the other side of the letter—the seal was quite broken—the paper was not even confined by having one of its folds slipped within the other—she could even see, where the edges gaped, a little of the writing within. It was not in human nature to resist the temptation—and, while her mind was in the act of reiterating its condemnation of the deed, her eyes, swimming in tears, were running over the contents of the letter. Poor Maria! she has not yet forgiven herself for that act of what she calls treachery, though so fully justified by the event, as far as events can justify any act—"but, indeed," said Maria, weeping most piteously, when she told me the circumstance, "indeed I could not help it."

"When she had read the letter through, she let it fall to the floor, and taking another from the pocket, (for her mind was now too far bewildered to speculate on the nature of the act) she read that also, and so on, till she had read them all: then sinking down upon a chair by the bed-side, she buried her face in the bed-clothes, and wept bitterly. The feeling which most oppressed her at that moment was not resentment, but a sense of desolation. There was not one of all those letters, which did not contain proofs of an improper intimacy between the woman whom from her childhood she had loved as her friend, and the man whose vows of affection had so often and so lately mingled with her own; and who was on the point of becoming her husband. "If these," said she, "injure and betray me, who will love and protect me?" At length, her mind having recovered somewhat of its tone, she rose, refolded the letters, and returned them all, except one, to the pocket. She then got into bed to weep away the night. In the morning, before the family had risen, she dressed herself, and merely telling the servant she felt unwell, and that she was going home, left the house. To her aunt's inquiries she gave some evasive answer, for with a beautiful feeling of compassion and forbearance towards her who had wronged her, but who nevertheless she felt she had wronged herself more, she had already determined to make no disclosure till she had recovered from the perils of her expected accouchement; perhaps not then, unless circumstances should compel her. In case Fenton should call, she desired the servant to say, she was ill, and could not see him. This, indeed, was perfectly true; for the poor girl was unable to leave her room for some days.

"In the course of the day, on the morning of which she left her friend's house, Remington called to inquire after her. She saw him; but to all his inquiries she only answered with tears,

and the reiterated expression: "I am ill, and low-spirited, but shall soon be better." I was sent for by her aunt, and pressed her to consult a physician, but this she steadily and absolutely refused to do. Fenton never once called—and it is evident that he, having missed one of the letters, guessed but too truly how matters stood. There was a young gentleman, whose name was Markham, who, being a friend of Remington and Fenton, had often met Miss Hammond at the house of the first. One day this gentleman called, and requested to see Maria. He was admitted. He had heard nothing of Maria's indisposition, and was wholly unconscious of its cause. After a little general conversation, he told her that he had often wished to see her alone, and that he had come at last on purpose; "for," said he, "I think you ought to know that Fenton is in the habit of showing your letters about among his friends—which is, in my estimation, as I have often told him, a piece of conduct alike ungenerous and ungentlemanly. "I own," said he, "that this seems something like intermeddling with matters which concern me not: and yet, by concealing the fact from you, I really did feel as though I should be guilty of a sort of misprison of treason against the united sovereignty of love and honour." Maria did not seem so much surprised and offended at this as Markham expected.—She merely said that it certainly was unhandsome conduct, but there was nothing in her letters which might not be exhibited to the whole world; so the matter dropt. Shortly after Mr. Markham took his leave. Soon after he was gone, however, it occurred to her that perhaps, Fenton had exhibited *as her's*, the letters he had received from Mrs. Remington, only concealing the signature. This thought overwhelmed poor Maria with confusion, and she instantly dispatched a note to Mr. Markham, requesting to see him immediately. He came, and saved Miss Hammond the embarrassment of opening the business, by remarking at once that the handwriting of the note he had just received was nothing like the writing of those letters which Fenton had shown, among others, as having come from her. The truth was now clear. Fenton had shown Mrs. Remington's letters, concealing the signature, and had boasted of having received them from Miss Hammond. It now became necessary to her reputation, therefore, to tell the whole circumstances to Markham, which she did at once; for an honest and honourable pride had now mastered every other feeling. Without comment, Markham asked if she had secured the letters. She said she had retained one, in case it should become necessary to vindicate her future conduct towards Fenton and Mrs. Remington. "And have you taken no steps to bring this foul affair to light?" said he. She said she had not—that she resolved not to stir in the matter, at all events, until after her friend's confinement, for fear of consequences—and not then, unless it were to vindicate her own reputation. "But what can I do?" said the poor girl, weeping, "I cannot suffer it to be supposed that those vile letters were written by me!" "Do!" said Markham, rising from his chair—"but no—give me that letter, and I will do it for you." He then took the letter which

Maria had concealed, and went straight to Remington's house. He found him alone; and after a short preface, told him the facts. The only answer he received from Remington was:

"'It's a lie, by God!'

"My dear friend," said Markham, 'I can easily understand your feelings, and therefore pass over that expression unnoticed—but it is all, believe me, too true.'

"Dare you confront my wife with that tale?"

"I will confront her immediately," said Markham.

"They went up stairs into the drawing-room. Mrs. Remington was sitting at the table sewing. Markham repeated, in her presence, the principal facts. Mrs. Remington sewed on, with a dogged resolution, exhibiting no symptoms of concern, excepting that her fingers moved more quickly as the speaker went on. When he had nearly done, poor Remington started up, exclaiming, 'Helen! why do you not deny this foul calumny?'

"His wife sewed on, making no reply; and Markham, taking the letter from his pocket, gave it to Remington. He sat down, and opening it, began to read. Slowly and steadily his eyes travelled along the lines till they settled finally on his wife's signature at the bottom of the page. Here they rested. At last, the iron band, which had hitherto restrained his feelings, gave way, and he burst into tears. For one whole hour he sat weeping and sobbing, with the letter in his hand, in wordless agony. He was then taken to bed. The next morning Mrs. Remington was no where to be found; and yesterday the iron gates of a mad house closed on poor Remington—perhaps for ever.

"In this sad story," concluded Withering, "there are two remarkable circumstances—that of Fenton sending his coat into Maria's room—and that of her forgetting, not once only, but twice, to put out the light; for had she extinguished the light, the chances are a hundred to one that the discovery of this iniquitous transaction had not been made. Shall we say that these circumstances only serve to show by what minute threads the most important accidents of life hang suspended—from what trivial causes the most stupendous effects often result—or would it be wiser to suppose, that circumstances like those mentioned above, are nothing less than the visible finger of PROVIDENCE, indicating the existence of crime, and pointing to the means of its detection and arrest?"

Soon after my friend had finished his relation, I returned home, heartily ashamed of the petulant temper into which I suffered a few trifling mortifications to throw me. On my way home I puzzled myself in endeavouring to account for the difference of character in these two young women. Both born of parents equally virtuous and good—educated under the same circumstances, at the same school—companions together, from childhood to womanhood—both occupying the same respectable position in society—the one proves all that is estimable—the other infamous.

Concluding as I began, once more I ask, "What is the human mind?"* EGO ILLE.

* As the leading incidents of the above story are

THE BLESSED LAND.

"The inhabitants shall not say—I am sick."

Isaiah.

Not sick! shall throbbing brows no more
With nameless anguish start?
No more the ebbing life-blood pour
Cold currents through the heart?

No tortur'd nerve with racking pain
To sudden madness thrill?
Nor strive the powerless limbs in vain
Their office to fulfill?

Is there no weak, no palsied hand,
No agonizing breast?
Where, book of mercy, is that land
Which thus thy page has blest?

Dwells there no sickness of the heart
Within that favor'd bound?
No pleasure with its poison'd dart,
The unwary youth to wound?

No hope deferr'd the soul to harm?
No joy on parting wing?
No love with fickle smile to charm,
With false embrace to sting?

Oh glorious world! from ill of time,
From fears and dangers free,
Why should we fear to seek that clime,
Tho' death our passport be?

SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

* * "Oh! cast thou not
Affection from thee! in this bitter world,
Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast.
Watch, guard it—suffer not a breath to dim
The bright gem's purity!"

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted,
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy harp, or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thyself a token?

If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The Summer's breath is healing,
Its cluster yet may glow
Thro' the leaves their bloom revealing;
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
Filled with a bright draught, never
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth
To cool thy parched lips' fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee,
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee,
And like that string of harp or lute
Whence the sweetest sound is scattered—
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords
So soon forever shattered.

facts, and of very recent occurrence, it will gratify my readers to learn that Mr. Remington already exhibits some symptoms of recovery.

[From the New England Galaxy.]

TALE OF ERROR.

ON one of the very few clear afternoons of May of the present year, the Felton family were seated in their back parlor after dinner. The cloth had been removed. Mr. Felton lighted a cigar, as was his wont, and closed his eyes to enjoy more tranquil sensations that stole over him. The nurse brought in a bright-eyed infant, and placed him in the arms of the blooming mother. The warm wind blew through the opened window and lifted the child's curls; then a little more roughly, till the tender frame shuddered—and then, victorious over the zephyr, the mimic man lifted his voice, and crowed long and loudly.

The glad mother took him to the rocking-chair in which his father sat, and bending over, placed the rose-bud lips upon the still closed eyes. Mr. Felton smiled, without opening them. He knew he was very happy; but he was not a man of words, and his wife was accustomed, and contented, to read in a smile, all that her heart needed.

The folding doors opened into the front parlor; and sitting by the closed blind, was a young lady, bending over a little table. Now and then she raised a pair of blue eyes, fixed them for a moment upon the group in the other room, and then resumed her occupation.

Mr. Felton finished his cigar, and rose to depart.

"Oh—I forgot: here are your tickets."

"And cannot you go with us?"

"No: business first—the Messenger will be in to-day, and I must be on the ground to see her."

"Well—then,—good bye."

Mr. Felton took his way to Long wharf; his wife rung for the nurse, showered kisses on the cherub face as it vanished, and then went into the other parlor.

"What a piece of work is man, Kate:—or rather, what a piece of *business*, is man! I was in hopes Mr. Felton would have been able to go to the Gallery with us, to-day—but you see how it is—business,—business,—all the time."

"And yet you are very happy?" queried Miss Felton, with an arch smile.

"Yes,—very—very. I don't say that I could not be more so, if it would please your brother to spend one hour out of the twenty-four, in conversation, or in affording himself rational entertainment,—but—"

"But—'husbands are as God pleases,' as the French woman said, and so you are very wisely happy as you are."

"Yes, and so you would be Catharine."

"Never."

"Which is to say, you know nothing about it."

"Which is to say, I don't know myself," answered Miss Felton.

"Which is to say the truth."

"Now don't suppose I am to be persuaded in this way, out of my common sense, my dear. Because you have been deceived in yourself, and have fancied you were romantic, without cause, that is no reason I should fall into the same error."

"Very excellent sense, Kate—which will be proved nonsense in good time."

"Who—or how?"

"Experience."

"The old argument of married people!—as if one could not judge as well what is necessary for one's happiness at my age as a they ever can!"

"We shall see. What is this?" said Mrs. Felton, taking up the sketch that was lying on the table. "Our charming selves, as I live! This, of Mr. Felton, is very good—but you had only to make a perfect beauty, you know, and you could not help getting a likeness. You have wisely avoided my face, I see—and this sketch of the darling, with his little hands stretched out, is admirable;—after all, Catharine, you have a taste for domestic pictures. I am sure you will come round by and by, and it will be my turn to take the pencil. Here, let me try. Tibburns, in white satin—but you don't affect splendour: in white linen, then: the great unknown, what pencil can portray him?—perfect beauty—grace—wit—accomplishments! chivalric, imaginative, poetical, noble, proud, and with a name beginning with a Fitz—and ending with a what? Kate—what ending is worthy of such a beginning?"

"Laugh on, if you will. But I have good sense still on my side. Taste, or habit of thought, or whatever you please to call it; romance if you choose—whatever it is—I should never, I could never, be happy, unless that taste were satisfied, though all the world else were perfectly settled that I was a fool, and the great unknown, every thing that was desirable in an establishment."

As Catharine spoke, she rose from her seat in the earnestness of her feelings. At sixteen, girls are apt to be in earnest, and Miss Felton joined to an unsophisticated contempt of the ways and means generally employed to procure an establishment, a romance, quite as unsophisticated. It was not the weak offspring of a novel-turned brain, but the healthy result of natural feeling. She was right in her principle, but she was apt to be wrong in her applications.

Mrs. Felton did not reply to her last remark. She often heard her express the same sentiments: so she only smiled.

"What do you say then, to our going now to the Gallery? such a continual rain—rain—as we have had!—we may as well improve this pleasant afternoon.—What say you, Kate,—yes or nay?"

"Yes, verily."

"Then it is an unanimous vote."

Mrs. Felton and Catharine stood delightfully gazing on the picture of "Joan of Arc, in prison." The gallery was dark and cool. A few persons only remained, of the crowd which had filled it through the earlier part of the day.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" murmured Catharine, as she looked at the surpassing loveliness of the warrior victim; "Can any thing be more perfect? I declare, this picture thrills me like a trumpet-note!"

"Don't you think her eyes are rather fierce?"

"Perhaps they would be, but for the softening,

redeeming roundness of the cheek—and the feminine grace of the form:—but how full of soul it is! how spirited the attitude! and how melancholy the contrast between what she is dreaming of, and what she is! Oh! I hope she will keep the illusion!—if she could die now! at the head of the army, with the war-cry ringing in her ear—”

Mrs. Felton passed on to look at a portrait, and Catharine remained, entranced by the beauty of the picture, and recalling all the noble and mournful associations it excited, till the tears fell fast over her face. As she wiped them from her cheek and half smiled at her own enthusiasm, she looked again at the picture, and started to see the same high look, beaming out of the dungeon. Its haughty glance remained, and the stern “*Avancez!*” seemed bursting from the quivering and open lip.

Mrs. Felton touched her arm, and she started again as if from sleep.

“Have you been standing here, ever since I left you, Catharine?”

“Yes.”

“What a strange girl you are! Why, I have made the whole circuit of the gallery.—Who is that behind us?” continued Mrs. Felton, in a low voice.

Catharine turned her head, and saw a gentleman extended at full length, on one of the seats, and leaning his head on his hand. He looked up, as she turned, and met her glance with one of evident admiration.

“I don’t know who it is;—I never saw him before.”

“I guess he thinks you are crazy; standing before one picture an hour together.”

Two young girls passed them at the moment, with shoulders of two yards width, and two little bonnets between them; from which proceeded two little voices, whence nature had long ago departed in disgust.

“Oh what is this? 72—Mary and Martha—sweet face, isn’t it?”

“Lovely!—what’s that she’s got on? horrid! isn’t it? Oh! have you read *Pilgrims of the Rhine*?”

“No—but Fred MacDodd said there was the sweetest story in it about a fox and a cat!”

“Dear! so there is! Oh, I met a Pole to day! such splendid moustaches! you can’t imagine!”

“Mercy! I know two very well. Elegant creatures! nothing in the world to be seen but their eyes! Oh! the sweet smile they have! don’t you think them divine?”

“Yes indeed—what’s this? 74—Joan of Arc—what’s she? how she looks! she’s chained! do you know anything about it?”

“No—rather a low thing, I fancy. See the straw all about.”

“Horrid!—come, let’s go—I don’t see as there is a creature her one knows—let’s go to the Artist’s Gallery.”

They passed on, and down stairs, Catharine looked after them. A smile still lingered on her lip, when she met, again, the eye of the gentleman, who had been so long prone behind her. He too smiled, as if he understood what she thought. There is something very captivating

in such a smile, and Catharine looked again, not to see whether she had ever seen him before, but how he did actually look.

The survey was not very satisfactory. He was a small man, and his dress of dark cloth, made him look almost diminutive. His features strong and sharp.—Black eyes, piercing enough of themselves, were shadowed by an habitual frown; and his mouth, when the expressive smile had subsided, was compressed and straight. There was a charm about his face, as there is about every face, however unfortunate: and the charm of his, was the smile that played like summer lightning, over the gloom of his marked features.

Catharine wondered she had never seen him before, and then, all at once, the illusion so common to imaginative persons, came over her, and she remembered that she *had* seen him before, and in the same place,—a long time ago. But when? Just then, the stranger rose from his seat, and walked to the upper end of the gallery; and Catharine felt quite certain that he would stop before a particular picture. And he did.

“It is very strange,” said she to Mrs. Felton, “but I am perfectly confident that I have seen that person before: only what puzzles me, is, that it must have been in this same gallery, and just as we are standing now:—for my memory of him, is not only akin to the present, but absolutely identified with it. I feel as if I must have been looking at this picture, long ago—and as if this man, were a shadow of former time—I remember him—and now he will turn and go out—now do you doubt that I have the second sight?”

“I don’t doubt you are losing your senses; so let us go too: you promised, you know, to meet Mrs. Aiken, at five, and it wants but a quarter to that time.”

“Is it possible? and I have seen but one picture.”

“You would see but one picture now, if we were to stay till midnight. But we will come again.”

* * * * *

The next day it rained—and the next;—and the first time it did not rain, Catharine proposed to Mrs. Felton, that they should go early, very early to the Athenæum Gallery.

When they entered, a gentleman who stood before the Joan of Arc, stepped aside; and Catharine was glad of an opportunity to gaze once more on the beautiful features that had haunted her like a presence, since her former visit. She looked at the picture, until gradually the scene before her of degradation and suffering, faded away, and another came over her eye.—Yet the principal figure remained. There was a crowd and many cries. But the cries were execrations, and the crowd were blood-thirsty and superstitious wretches. There was a public market-place, and a million of heads—and a stake—and a far off cry of “*sorcery!*” “*witchcraft!*” Then the flames curled about the form of the heroine—but the proud glory of the face was unblanched. The eye shot forth the glance of command, and the pale cheek was fixed and stern, as when the pulses beat to victory.

As a new burst of flames seemed to curl a-

round the light form of the victim, Catharine started and shuddered.

"This is indeed, the true triumph of art," said a low voice at her side. "To be able to call up such pictures to the fancy,—to enthral—to subdue—to pale the cheek, with the reality of the horrors it images—this is worth being a painter for! and were I a painter—I would not resign the flush of pleasure, or pain it may be, that such a picture brings up from the heart, for loud plaudits eternally."

The person who spoke, was the same that had attracted Catharine's attention the day she had been before at the gallery. She suspected he was an artist:—and yet he had said, "if I were a painter," implying that he was not one. She replied to his remark; and he smiled and repeated her's, with the pleasant preface of, "as you just now, truly observed," (it is so pleasant to find that one's sentences, at sixteen, are worth repeating by a dark, stern-looking man!) and Catharine thought when he talked and smiled, he looked almost handsome. They had talked of painters and paintings—and then of scenery—and then of picturesque scenery on Connecticut river—and then of Bellows Falls in particular—finally of several persons whom they discovered they both knew; and although the gentleman contradicted several of Catharine's favorite opinions, and maintained two or three that she did not agree to at all, she thought him very, very agreeable, and wondered more than ever, who he could be.

Mrs. Felton said, "Shall we go now? It is two o'clock."

"Is it possible?" answered Catharine, looking about the gallery, for the first time, and seeing it nearly empty. Mrs. Felton looked at her companion—but as none of the three were acquainted, there was no hope of introduction—and the gentleman bowed and departed.

"Have you seen most of the pictures, Kate, to-day?"

"Just as many as I had, before I came."

"You are a strange child. Who was it you were talking with when I spoke to you?"

"I don't know his name," said Catharine, and she colored slightly, without imagining why. Mrs. Felton was looking at a French muslin, which hung at a shop window, and did not notice her embarrassment.

When they reached Chesnut Street, it was half past two o'clock. Dinner had been waiting some time, and Mr. Felton had come as near to being audibly vexed as he ever did, at their long delay. He was reading a newspaper as they came in, and read aloud:

"A new combatant has appeared in the arena. The young member from A——, has astonished even his friends. His sudden outpouring yesterday, in the House, of eloquent remonstrance against the late proceedings of the administration, the indignant force of his arguments and the cutting sarcasm with which he adduced some illustrations of the conduct of the collar men, altogether marked him out as destined to a high rank as an orator and statesman, and a terror to some evil doers we could name."

"The member from A——," said Mrs. Fel-

ton, "why that is your friend Tagfoot Waddle, is it not?"

"Yes—and I am a little surprised at his breaking out in this way: he was a dull scholar in college, I remember."

"Tagfoot Waddle!" exclaimed Catharine. "you are joking! there can't be such a name!"

"Indeed there can," replied her brother, "and he may be thankful he had not got the whole."

"The whole! I hope there is no more to it?"

"Yes there was—the original name was Bunting—old Waddle Bunting of Philadelphia: uncle to the young member, I visited him several times, on my return from the south. He was the oddest being, I believe that ever lived."

"Well, I don't understand now," said Catharine "how Tagfoot came to be harnessed to all this euphonious set of names?"

"Money, Kate: money does every thing, you know. Old Bunting was rich as a Jew—and he left to his sister's eldest son, the pretty sum of \$20,000, on condition of his changing the very decent name of John Russell, to the very indecent one of Tagfoot Waddle."

"Twenty thousand dollars!" exclaimed Catharine, indignantly, "and could he yield to a temptation so paltry—and make himself ridiculous for life!—And how does he look? though you need not tell me;—I know how Tagfoot Waddle must look;—Tagfoot Waddle!" repeated Catharine over and over; and the more she repeated it, the more unaccountable it appeared, that any person of common sense should have required the assumption of such a name, and doubly so, that any body could be found willing to take it.

"I ought to tell you, Kate," said Mr. Felton, "that Waddle had a motive beyond money, for exposing himself to so much ridicule. His mother and sisters are placed in comfortable circumstances by his means, and his younger brother is at Cambridge."

"But I thought you said he was at college with you."

"Yes, he was. His uncle paid his college expenses—but his widowed mother was quite poor. Another thing—whatever people may think, he is not in much danger from their ridicule. They would be daring, indeed, who would insult John Russell,—Tagfoot though he be—and you see he is making a figure in the House, in spite of his name."

"Yes," replied Catharine, musingly, "and how did you say he looked? red haired, I guess: since he has such a fiery temper—and eyes that look every way, as if they would say—Does any body dare to insult Tagfoot Waddle, member from A——!"

"It is a pity to spoil such a picture," said Mr. Felton, "so I will not contradict you."

"And you?"

"I never beheld him," replied Mrs. Felton. And Catharine could not persuade her brother to enlighten her any farther.

A month after this conversation, Mr. Felton, with his wife and sister, were pacing the deck of a steamboat which was bound for Portland. The sky was as blue as the smooth wave, and the air bracing and cool.

A gentleman who stood near the companion-way, looked towards them, and Mr. Felton immediately went to him.

"Who is that?" said Mrs. Felton, "My husband seems to know him very well—they are shaking hands—I can't imagine who it is."

"But I can," said Catharine, laughing and blushing, for she at once saw it was the incorrigible of the gallery.

Mr. Felton now came towards them, and introduced his companion. "Mr. Smith—an old friend of mine."

"Smith," thought Mrs. Felton, "I wonder if he is one of the Exeter Smiths?"

"Smith!" thought Catharine, "what a name!" And they both curtsied and smiled, as sweetly as if his name had not been Smith.

Mr. Smith seemed pleased to recognize the intelligent face of Miss Felton, and alluded to their meeting in the gallery, thence the transition was easy to many subjects they had discussed at that time, and Catharine thought he had lost none of his powers of making himself agreeable.

"Do you go on to Portland?"

"No," answered she, hesitatingly.

It was but a short time, however, before she told him, without any hesitation, that they were to stop in York harbour; go on board Captain Croft's vessel, the schooner Mary Ann; that Captain Croft was a particular friend of their's; and that then and there, they were to visit Dom-Daniel's cavern in the depth of the sea.

"How! what do you mean?"

"I wish we may make it out a more romantic expedition, than I fear we shall. Capt. Croft as a diving-bell on board, with which he is exploring the wreck of sunken glories, in the tape of white wax, bales of duck, and other ems of the ocean; and Mrs. Felton and myself intend to find out the latest sleeve-patterns for sa-fairies, and leave our cards at some of the country seats and coral groves, one hears of. It is at least a perfectly safe curiosity—there is of the slightest danger to be apprehended, Captain Croft tells us; or my sister and myself are both too arrant cowards to tempt our destiny in this way."

Mr. Felton approached them, and asked Mr. Smith if he stopped at Portsmouth.

"If you had asked me that question half an hour ago," he replied, "I should have said yes; now I have a great inclination to say no."

"Then Miss Felton has enlightened you, as our projected tour? I wish you would join our party."

"That will I, with the greatest pleasure," answered Mr. Smith—and it was all settled. Mr. Felton looked extremely pleased: Mrs. Felton smiled mischievously at Catharine; and Catharine herself, though she was very glad of so pleasant an addition to their party, felt rather uncomfortable. She was not quite at ease with Mr. Smith. Very foolish of her, to be sure; but some how or other, he had struck her imagination. Her imagination was always playing want. This Mr. Smith, with his ugly face—his face was no longer ugly;—and Catharine remembered, how she had laughed at a lady of

her acquaintance, for asserting that Mr. ——— neither stammered nor squinted, though he was notoriously given to both practices. People do change so on acquaintance. She listened to Mr. Smith, who was talking with Mr. Felton and another gentleman, on some political subject, and she was proud of the good sense he showed, and the energy and strength with which he defended his opinions. There was nothing ornamented or laborious in his manner of speaking, but it was manly and forcible, and Catharine was proud of him. Already her face flushed with satisfaction. She had begun to identify his success with her own happiness. The symptoms were alarming. Thank fortune! his name is not Tagfoot Waddle. Smith, though a very common name, was bearable. There were James and Horace Smith, of England—names to be proud of. It might be refined into Smythe. It might be worse.

"Why is that flag hung out?" she asked.

"It is a signal, I believe, to Captain Croft," replied Mr. Smith; "do you not see his vessel off there to the left?"

"Yes, I do—it is but a little way off—shall we go *alongside*, as the sailors say?"

"Oh, no; that vessel is more than two miles off; the captain of the boat will send us there."

"Is it possible it is so far off? and it looks so near!"

As Catharine spoke, a boat manned by eight rowers, shot up to the side of the steam-boat, and Captain Croft stepped on deck. Introductions—apologies—compliments, followed—baggage lowered, and in five minutes the boat was bounding over the water like a spirit.

The exhilarating motion of a swift boat, contrasted with the monotonous, rolling, half-sickening one of the vessel they had been in, was delightful—and when they found themselves at the side of Captain Croft's vessel, Catharine could hardly believe it possible that they had come two miles.

"Welcome, ladies, to the good schooner Mary Ann," said Captain Croft, when they reached the deck, crowded with men, bales of wet duck and machinery, and the masts hung with thousands of yards of duck, drying in the sun; while twenty men were actively employed in unfolding and drying the remainder.

"Not exactly in a fit condition for ladies, to be sure, but she makes her own apology. Now let me give you some refreshment; and then I propose that you improve this fine afternoon, to make your descent. I have been down myself twice to-day, and the water is perfectly quiet: the ground swell above, to be sure, but you don't feel that after you are a fathom or two below."

"Then why not go immediately?" said Mr. Felton, who had drank a glass of wine, and was always prompt; "I see no need of delay."

"None in the world. We are not sure of tomorrow—and even to-day—the wind may rise, in which case you could not go down."

"Why?" said Catharine, "is it dangerous?"

"No—not dangerous—but you would find it unpleasant, if the water is agitated. It is perfectly still now."

Captain Croft gave some orders to the men who stood at the other end of the ship, and in a

few moments the diving-bell slid out from the deck, and stood over the water, about three feet above the surface.

"Who shall go first?" was the question.

"Why not all go together?"

"Oh, that is not possible. Only two can go at a time, besides the bell-man, who directs the machine. The seat will hold but three."

"Will you go first, Catharine?" asked Mr. Felton.

"Ye—s," said Catharine, with a shudder at the thought of it—"there is no danger you say?"

"Not the least in the world. You see those cords from above, where the men are, which go into the bell? those are the signal ropes; and the man inside will direct the motion, up or down, one way or the other, by pulling them. So you see the machine is perfectly manageable."

"And suppose a shark walks in?"

"Oh, you must take your chance. If you will go to shark's domains, you must expect him to call upon you."

Mr. Smith asked Catharine if she would accept his escort, and Catharine was very willing to accept it.

"Take a glass of wine," said Mrs. Felton. But Catharine had grown very brave, and said it was quite unnecessary. She was equal to it.

Captain Croft told her she had better tie a handkerchief about her head. "The compression of the air, when you first go down, is unpleasant; it is like water poured into your ears."

Catharine recollected her escort; and she thought she should prefer the unpleasant sensation of which Captain Croft spoke, to the unpleasant consciousness of her own appearance, with her head bound up as if it was broken: and she declined. A small boat was now lowered, and Catharine was handed into it. It passed round to the bell—under it—then the bell was lowered a little. Mr. Smith held his hand for her to step on, and she sprang into the seat. The man followed and Mr. Smith. They were all in their places, and the boat floated out from beneath.

The signal was given, and the men above cheered long and loudly. The water pressed up into the bell, till it nearly touched their feet, and the air became hot as a furnace. Catharine closed her eyes. There was a rushing in at her ears, like the sound of many waters, and then a sensation of something tight round her head like an iron band. She had no idea of time, till she felt herself supported by her companion, and heard him say anxiously,

"Are you faint, Miss Felton?"

"Not at all, now," she answered; and she started at the strange sound of her own voice.

"How far down are we?" said Mr. Smith to the bellman.

"Six—ten—about eighty feet, sir."

"Not at all, now," she answered; and she started at the strange sound of her own voice.

"Catharine looked at her companion's face. It was deadly pale.

"You are faint, surely!"

"Not in the least," replied Mr. Smith, casting his eye towards the lights at the top of the bell; "it is the reflection of the green water—you, too, look very pale."

Through these lights Catharine could see the fish float quietly by—and below them, on the bottom, lay a large shining flounder as motionless and aristocratical as might be.

"Poets do not tell the truth after all, said Mr. Smith; 'where are the 'purple mullet and gold fish,' and 'the sea-flower with leaves of blue?' alas! alas!"

"Shall I move the bell, ma'am?" asked the man.

"Why?"

"Only to show the facility with which it can be managed," replied Mr. Smith. "Raise it a little."

The man pulled one of the ropes, and the bell rose.

"Now to the right."

"Now to the left."

And the obedient machine moved in the directions indicated.

"Now let us be perfectly still," said Catharine. "I want to feel that we are really under the 'deep, deep sea.'"

There was silence. Her companion held her hand, and a quick pressure of it, showed that he understood the feeling that subdued her. Catharine was glad, very glad, that she could associate with this impression of the sublime, that sympathy with one, in whom she felt a great and increasing interest. Altogether the feeling was worth all the trouble of gaining it. It is so seldom that one has the opportunity of feeling really sublime. At length Mr. Smith broke the silence, by asking the man how long it would be practicable to stay.

"There is air for one, an hour and a half," he replied—"for three, half an hour, of course."

"Then our time must be nearly expired."

"Within five minutes," said the man, taking out his watch. "Shall I sign to rise?"

As he spoke, a grating loud sound, like the of some heavy body falling across the top of the bell, startled them all.

"What can it be? how it shook us!"

The man hesitated—looked anxiously out the bull's eye, and then said,

"It is the cable chain! how the confounding thing has got out here, I can't guess—but 'tis, that's plain. I'll sign to rise, if you like."

"By all means!"

But the signal was not obeyed. It was repeated.

"I've made it twice, sir."

"What is the matter! what shall we do?" cried Catharine, in great alarm.

"Be calm—be quiet," said Mr. Smith, holding her firmly with one arm, while with the other clasped a large iron hook which hung from the side of the machine. "What is the reason? don't answer you, do you think?"

"The d—d thing has got awful of the bell and they can't move us," replied the man, evident and painful anxiety.

"And the air will last but a short time longer," said Mr. Smith.

"Oh, what can we do! what can we do!" exclaimed Catharine, in an agony of fear, vainly tried to control.

"I shall dive! and if I get up, I'll send you word," said the bell man; and suiting the action